



*America's Funniest Family!*



No 38  
NOV.

# THE KILROYS

10¢

! ? !



Indy Hart





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Announcing SOMETHING NEW.. SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

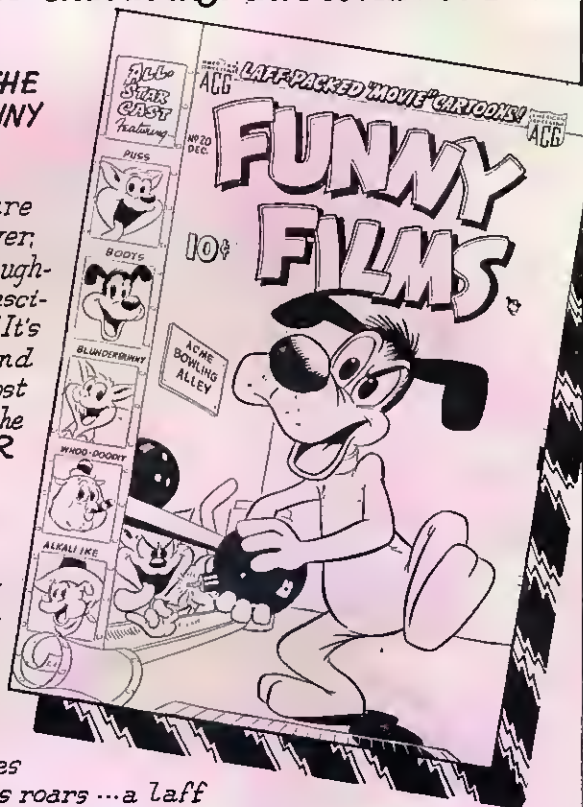
...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

**9½ FUNNY FILMS** ...THE  
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY  
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons--now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**



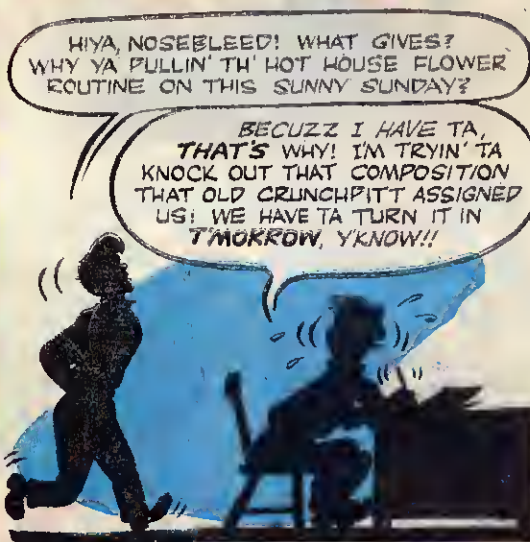
**FUNNY FILMS** features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars ...a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics...**WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**



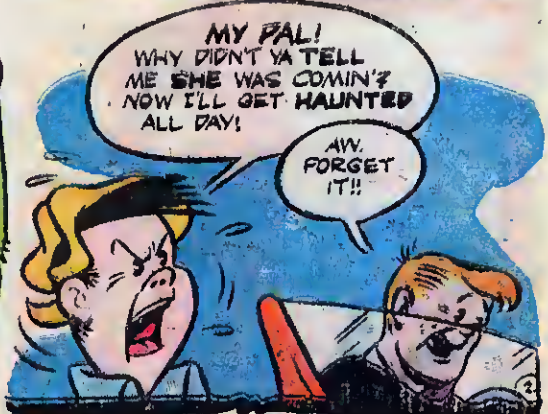
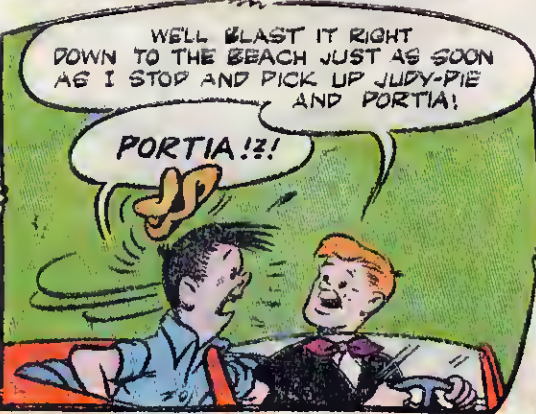
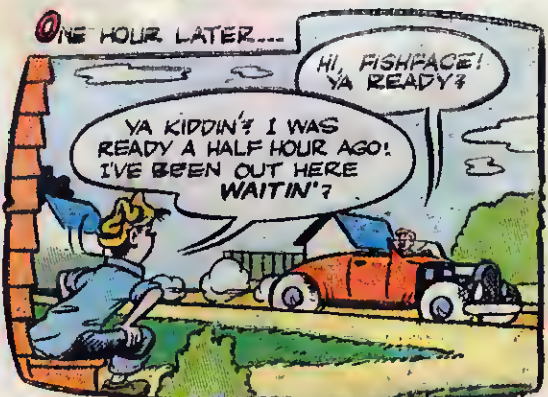
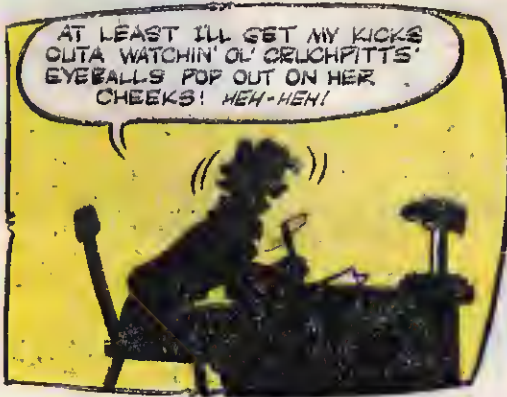
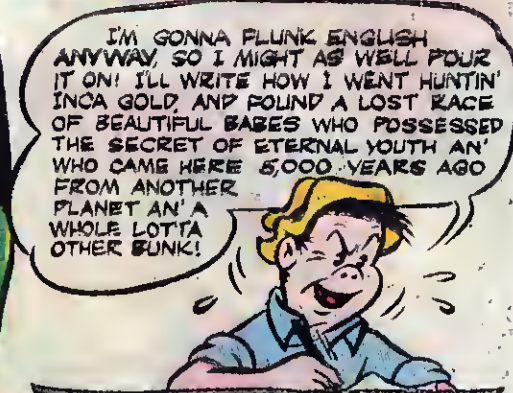
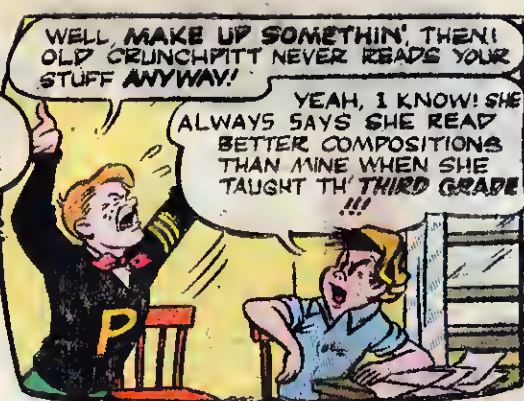
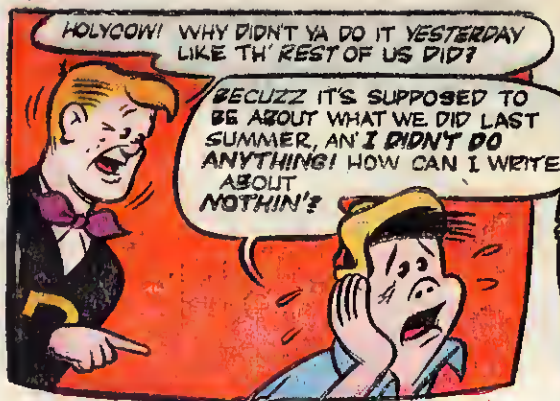
They're **FUNNY**  
all in... **FILMS**

**10¢**  
ON ALL  
STANDS

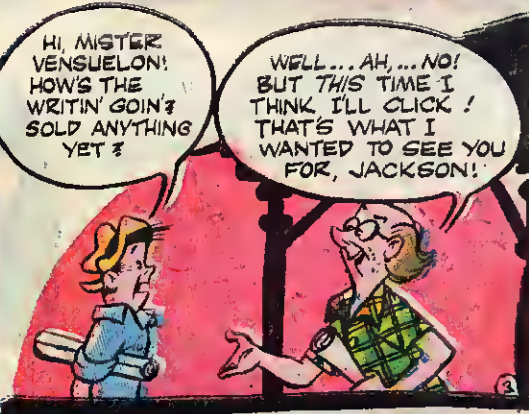
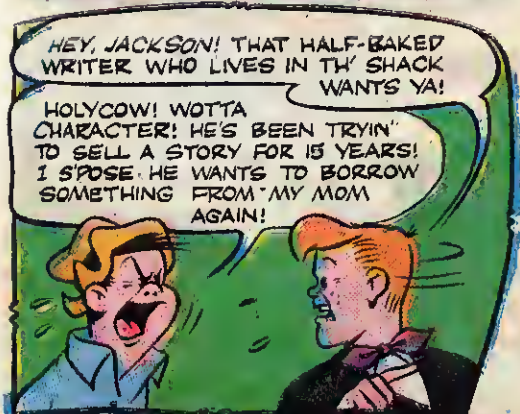
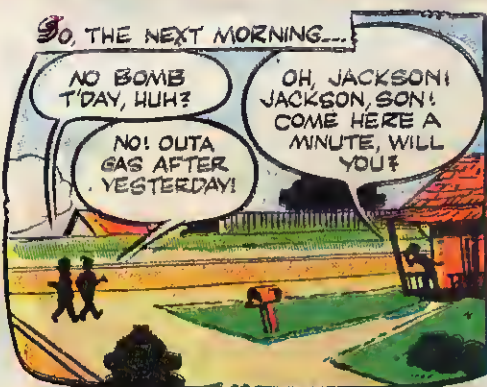
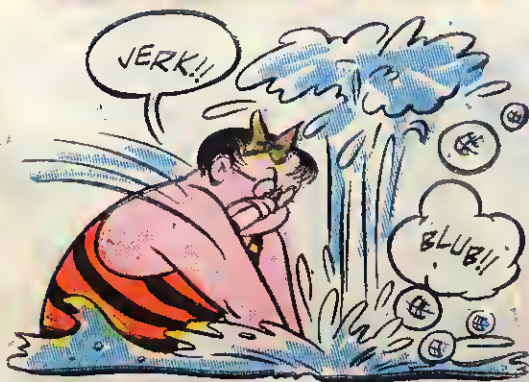
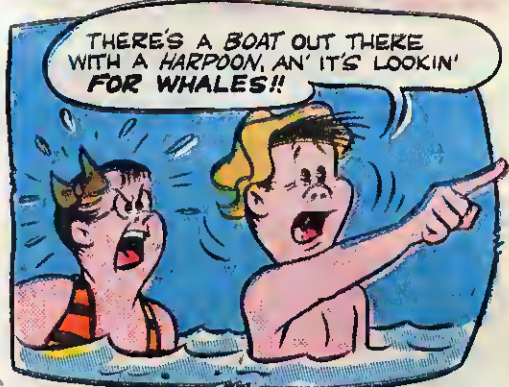
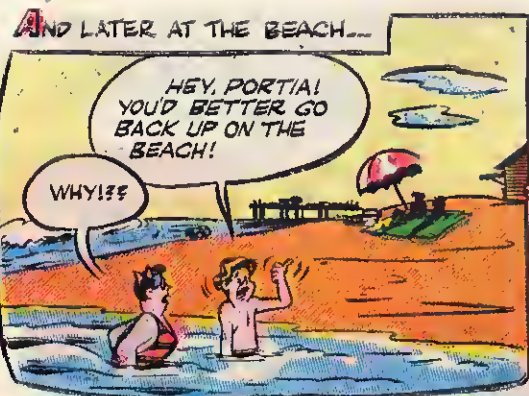
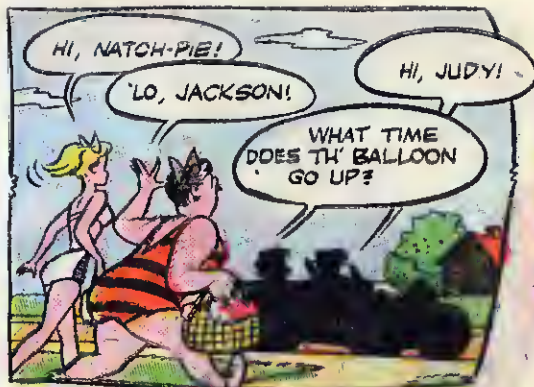
# Solid JACKSON













I WONDER IF YOU'D MAIL THIS MANUSCRIPT FOR ME ON YOUR WAY TO SCHOOL... I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY FOR THE STAMPS AND ENVELOPE AND THE ADDRESS OF THE PUBLISHER  
... OKAY?

OKAY,  
BUT  
HURRY!

MINUTES LATER...

OH, FINE! THAT JERK GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF ADVENTURE PUBLICATIONS, BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE ME HIS OWN RETURN ADDRESS! NOW WODDA I DO?

WELL  
PUT YOUR  
OWN ON  
IT AND  
LET'S GET  
GOIN'!!

NATCH! JACKSON!  
DON'T FORGET TO PUT YOUR  
COMPOSITIONS ON MY DESK...  
I WANT TO READ THEM  
IMMEDIATELY!

YES'M!

GOOD GRIEF! ANDREW JACKSON, JR., THIS IS THE MOST MORONIC PIECE OF TRASH IT'S EVER BEEN MY MISFORTUNE TO READ! IT'S SO BAD, I REFUSE TO KEEP IT! COME UP HERE AND GET IT IMMEDIATELY!!

Y-YES, MA'M!

WHAT'S MORE, I INTEND TO BRING YOUR CASE TO THE ATTENTION OF THE PRINCIPAL! ANYONE WHO'D WRITE ANYTHING AS IMBECILIC AS THAT DOESN'T BELONG IN A HIGH SCHOOL, HE BELONGS IN AN INSTITUTION!!!

AFTER SCHOOL...

HOLY HEP JACKSON! YOU'VE REALLY GOT YOURSELF IN A HASSEL! WHAT DIDJA WRITE IN THAT THING ANYWAY?

JUSTA  
BUNCHA JUNK  
... BUT, NATCH,  
IT WASN'T  
THAT BADI SHE'S  
JUST OUT TO  
GET ME!!

LISTEN,  
SIDDOWN A SEC,  
AN' I'LL READ YA  
PART OF IT!

OKAY...  
THIS I GOTTA  
HEAR!

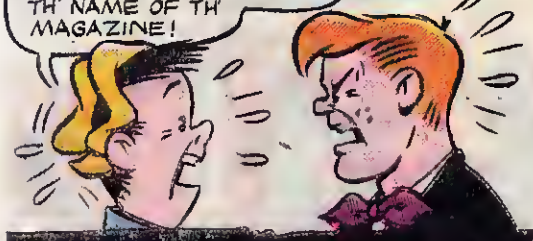
YEE!!! NATCH! LOOK!!  
THIS ISN'T MY COMPOSITION!!  
IT'S THAT WRITER JERKS STORY!

HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH!  
YOU MUSTA MAILED YOUR  
COMPOSITION  
TO THAT  
MAGAZINE!!



HOW CAN ONE GUY BE SO HAIR-BRAINED?  
YOU BETTER MAIL THAT THING **RIGHT**  
NOW. OR YOU'RE GONNA BE IN A MESS  
WITH THAT POOR-MAN'S  
POE, TOO!!

MAIL IT? I CAN'T!...  
I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER  
TH' NAME OF TH'  
MAGAZINE!



NATCH, WHAT AM I GONNA DO? MAYBE IF  
I EXPLAINED TO OLD CRUNCHPITT, I'D  
GET OUTTA PART OF  
THIS HAIRY MESS,  
ANYWAY!

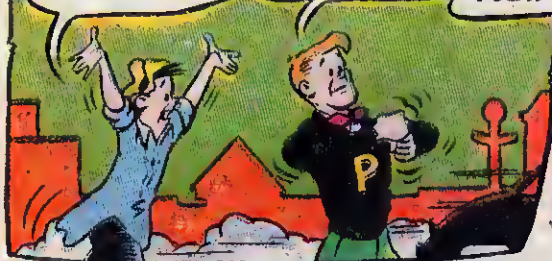
YOU KIDDIN'? SHE'D  
NEVER BELIEVE  
IT!!



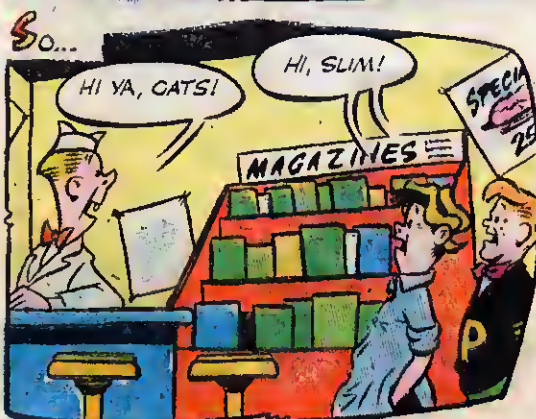
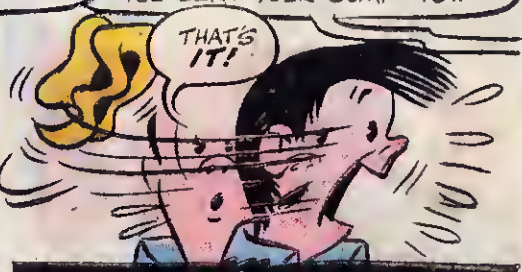
THEN HOW ABOUT  
TELLIN' THAT LONG-  
HAired SQUARE  
WHAT HAPPENED?

TELL HIM A COMPOSITION  
OF YOURS WENT TO A  
PUBLISHER AS A STORY OF  
HIS!!? MAN, HE'D STRANGLE  
YOU!!

HEY!! I'VE GOT AN 'IDEA! LET'S GO  
DOWN TO SLIM'S AND GO THROUGH TH'  
MAGS ON HIS STAND! MAYBE  
YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THE ONE  
YOU SENT YOUR "COMP" TO!!



THAT'S  
IT!



HI YA, CATS!

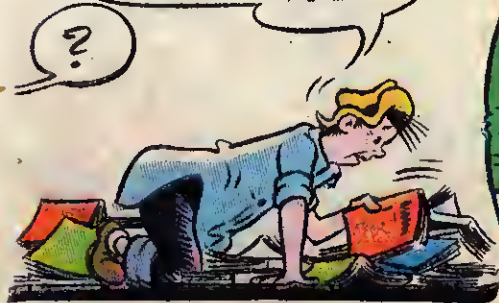
HI, SLIM!



THAT'S NOT IT! THIS AINT!  
NOPE! HU-HUH!  
NOT THIS! NOPE!

NATCH, CLEAN OUT  
THE REST OF TH' STAND  
WHILE I GO OVER THESE  
AGAIN!

I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO MINUTES  
TO GET THOSE MAGAZINES BACK ON  
THAT STAND, YOU PINHEAD!!!



HOLYOW! I'M NOT  
HURTIN' 'EM, I'M JUST  
LOOKIN' AT 'EM!!



THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT,  
YOU BUBBLEHEAD!! BELIEVE IT OR NOT,  
SOME PEOPLE PAY TO 'LOOK AT 'EM!'  
...YOU'RE GONNA TOO IF YOU DON'T PUT  
EM BACK

**RIGHT  
NOW  
!!!**

OKAY!  
OKAY!

THERE! YA HAPPY NOW, YA MONEY-GRUBBIN'  
PINEAPPLE CRUSHER?

ANY MORE SMART  
CRACKS AND I'LL SHOW YA IM NOT  
ONLY A PINEAPPLE CRUSHER, BUT  
A **BONE-CRUSHER**, TOO!!

LET'S GO,  
JACKSON!

**N**EXT MORNING...

'MORNIN', MIZZ JACKSON!  
IS JACKSON READY FOR  
SCHOOL?

YES, NATCH,  
HE'S...?

PARDON ME! TELEGRAM  
FOR ANDREW JACKSON, JR.!!

A TELEGRAM!?!  
FOR YOU? WHO'S  
SENDING YOU A  
TELEGRAM?

GOLLY, I DUNNO, MOM. I  
...**YEA!!** LISTEN TO  
**THIS!!**

"YOUR ADVENTURE STORY  
GREAT STOP \$300 CHECK  
FOLLOWING STOP GIVE US  
MORE OF SAME"...SIGNED,  
ACME PUBLISHERS!!

**HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH!!**  
THEY BOUGHT YOUR  
COMPOSITION!!!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

I SENT MY SCHOOL  
COMP' TO A MAGAZINE!  
AND THEY BOUGHT IT  
FOR A STORY!

GOOD GRAY! I'VE  
GOT TO TELL THE  
POINTFALLS GAZETTE  
ABOUT THIS!

**S**ECONDS LATER...

MANAGING  
EDITOR

MAC! HOLD  
THE MORNING  
EDITION!! I'VE GOT A  
SPECIAL STORY! THAT  
JACKSON BOY SOLD HIS  
SCHOOL COMPOSITION  
TO A NATIONAL  
MAGAZINE!

**A**ND SO, WHEN THE POINTFALLS GAZETTE  
ARRIVES AT HOMES ALL OVER TOWN...

**WHAT'S THIS??**

"LOCAL BOY SELLS STORY TO NATIONAL  
MAGAZINE! ANDREW JACKSON, JR. SELLS  
SCHOOL COMPOSITION TO ACME PUBL...?!!

**I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!**

THAT  
TEEN-AGE THIEF CLAIMED MY  
MANUSCRIPT AS **HIS!!**

POINTFALLS GAZETTE  
LOCAL BOY SELLS  
SCHOOL COMPOSITION



-15 YEARS OF STRIVING FOR LITERARY  
RECOGNITION, AND THEN THAT KID CLAIMS  
MY ONLY SALE! SO HELP ME, I'LL  
MURDER HIM! I'LL...I'LL HAVE HIM  
STUFFED FOR MY MANTLE!!

GRRRR!!



AND SOMEONE ELSE HAS RECEIVED  
THE MORNING PAPER...

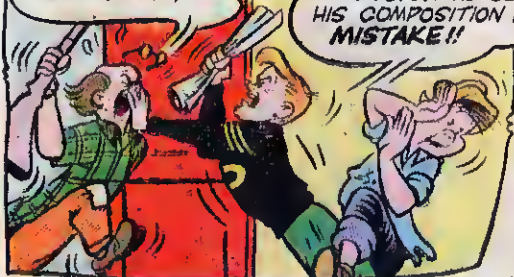
OH-OH-OH-OH DEAR!!  
... AND I TOLD  
HIM IT WAS TRASH!! IF THE  
PRINCIPAL HEARS ABOUT THIS,  
I'LL BE FIRED!!



...BACK AT JACKSONS...

WHERE IS HE?! LET ME AT  
HIM! HE STOLE MY STORY!!  
HE STOLE MY...

HE DID NOT!!  
HERE'S YOUR  
STORY! HE SENT  
HIS COMPOSITION BY  
MISTAKE!!



HE-HE SOLD A HIGH SCHOOL COMPOSITION...  
...AND BY MISTAKE!...T-THAT DOES IT!!  
PAPA ALWAYS SAID I SHOULDVE BEEN A  
DITCH-DIGGER...AND THAT'S  
JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO BE--  
FROM NOW ON!!

YOU BOYS  
HAD BETTER  
GO ON TO  
SCHOOL!



JACKSON! JACKSON, MY BOY!  
WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT  
I SAID ABOUT YOUR COMPOSITION?  
IF...IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL THE  
PRINCIPAL, I'LL GIVE YOU STRAIGHT  
"A'S" FROM NOW ON!!

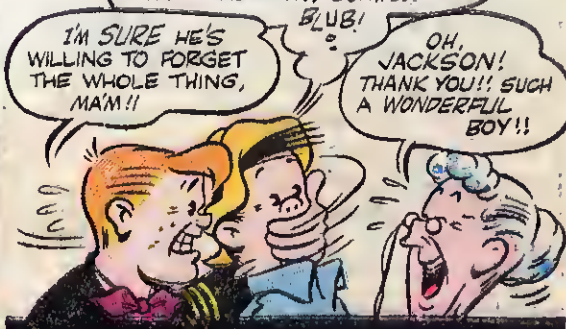


HOLY COW, MISS CRUNCHPITT!  
THAT WASN'T MY COMP...

I'M SURE HE'S  
WILLING TO FORGET  
THE WHOLE THING,  
MAM!!

BLUB!

OH,  
JACKSON!  
THANK YOU!! SUCH  
A WONDERFUL  
BOY!!



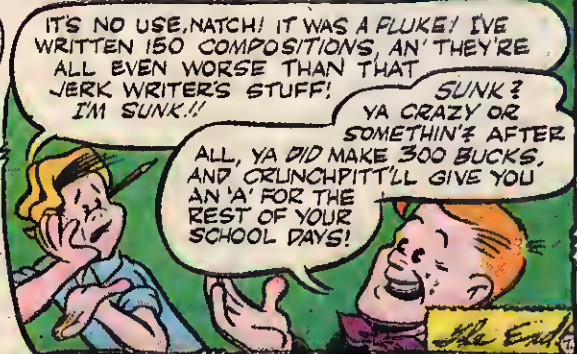
SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

IT'S NO USE, NATCH! IT WAS A FLUKE! I'VE  
WRITTEN 150 COMPOSITIONS, AN' THEY'RE  
ALL EVEN WORSE THAN THAT  
JERK WRITER'S STUFF!  
I'M SUNK!!

SUNK?

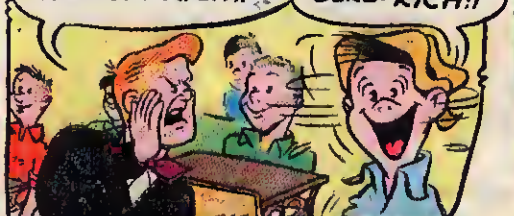
YA CRAZY OR  
SOMETHIN'Z AFTER

ALL, YA DID MAKE 300 BUCKS,  
AND CRUNCHPITT'LL GIVE YOU  
AN 'A' FOR THE  
REST OF YOUR  
SCHOOL DAYS!



YA BIRD-BRAIN! YOU ALMOST OPENED  
YOUR FAT YAP AGAIN! YOU'D BE IN  
ANOTHER MESS IF SHE FOUND OUT  
THAT WASN'T YOUR STORY SHE READ!  
...NOW GET THIS!! FROM NOW ON, ALL  
YOU HAVE TO DO IS  
WRITE COMPOSITIONS  
AND GET RICH!!

YEAH...YEAH!  
SURE! RICH!!





# That FASCINATING OLDER MAN

THOUGH SHE SAID nothing, Abigail looked pityingly at her older sister, who was just too brainless to understand! Poor Enid! There she was, almost twenty-one years old, and not married! Not *engaged*, even! What must it be like to be an old maid, Abigail wondered, feeling sorry for her sister.

And there she was, primping at the mirror, just as though it would do her any good. Charles was coming over that evening, that was why! Poor Enid! Didn't she know that Charles came to see *her*, Abigail? Didn't she know that Charles was smitten by Abigail's beauty and charm.

He was a much older man, of course, probably as old as twenty-four or five, Abigail thought. That's what gives him that fascination! And he had no idea that she saw and knew how he suffered in her presence. He would have wanted to be alone with her, to declare his love, but somehow, Enid was always there! Perhaps it would be kinder to let her know, tacitly, of course...

Abigail cleared her throat. This was going to be hard, telling Enid about Charles and herself, but it would all be for the best. It was her *duty* to tell Enid. "Mmm...Enid," she began on a tentative note, hoping that she would find the right words as she went along, "I'd like to..."

"There's Charlie!" Enid's voice was full of lilt and anticipation as she ran to open the door. Abigail followed her, shuddering a bit at Enid's lack of pride.

Charles, Abigail noted, was especially handsome that evening. He had a happy twinkle, an extra-special air of excitement. She noted, too, how

his face seemed to fall a trifle when he saw them both at the door.

"Poor Enid!" she thought again. "Won't she *ever* take a hint?"

In the living room, Charles sat down on the sofa, so Enid did, too. "She's so *obvious*!" Abigail silently criticized her sister. Abigail took the little wing chair facing them. There was a long moment of silence as the three looked at each other.

"Well!" Abigail drew her conclusions fast. "I suppose it's up to *me* to say something! Enid doesn't have *any* idea of how to entertain a man!"

Brightly, she began a rapid chatter about school, about the latest movie she'd seen, about her favorite television shows. Enid and Charles seemed to have very little to say.

Suddenly, Charles looked at Enid and raised an eyebrow, as though asking a question. "Please, Charlie..." Enid began, but he wouldn't be stopped.

"Abigail," he said, and his voice was warm and friendly, "you're a darling and the cutest teen-ager for miles around! But, much as I admire you and look forward to having you as a sister-in-law, I'd...well...I'd like to be alone with Enid for a while! *You* understand...an engaged couple..."

"Darling, don't feel badly," Enid said. "You see, Charlie and I..."

"It's *perfectly* all right!" Abigail rose, summoning all her dignity. "I hope you'll be very happy together! Besides, I have *millions* of things to do!"

As she left, she could see Charlie reach out and take Enid in his arms. "I'm so glad Enid found someone," she thought kindly, "even though he's so *old*! Wonder what the gang's doing right now..."

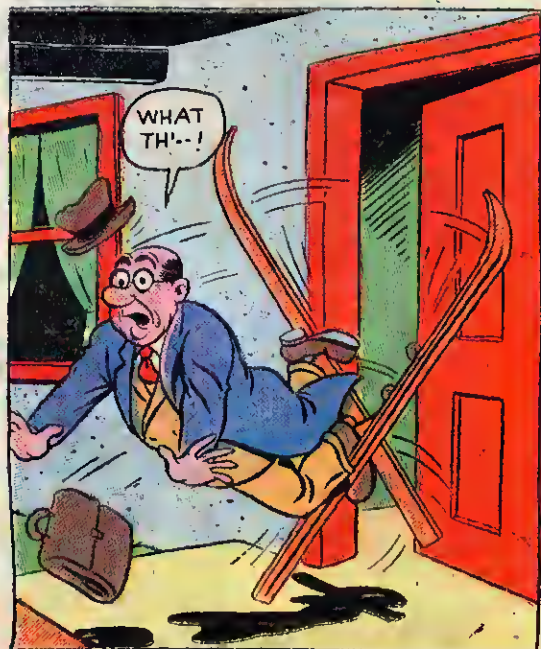
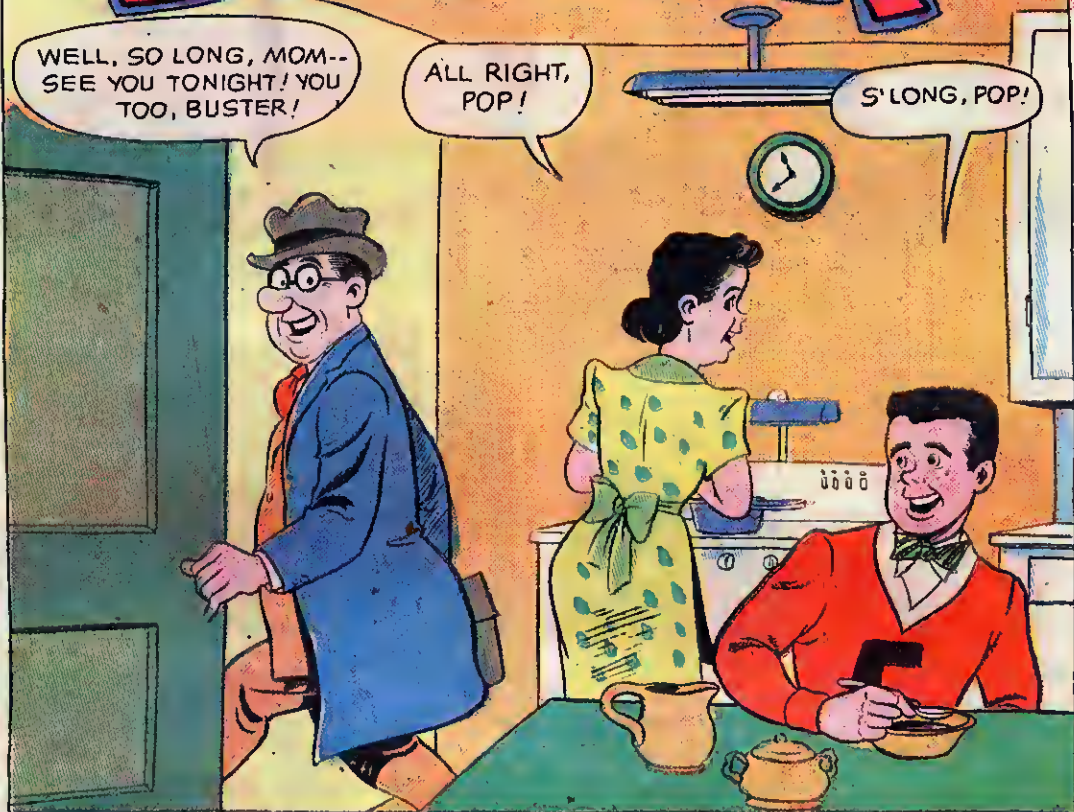


# BUSTER

WELL, SO LONG, MOM--  
SEE YOU TONIGHT! YOU  
TOO, BUSTER!

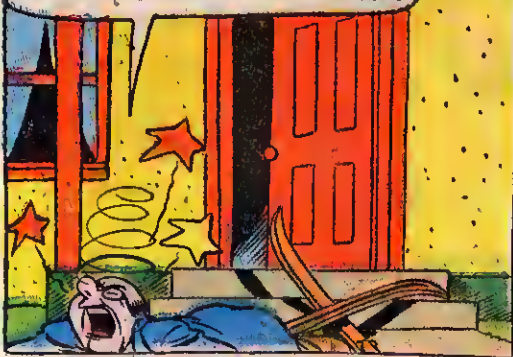
ALL RIGHT,  
POP!

S' LONG, POP!



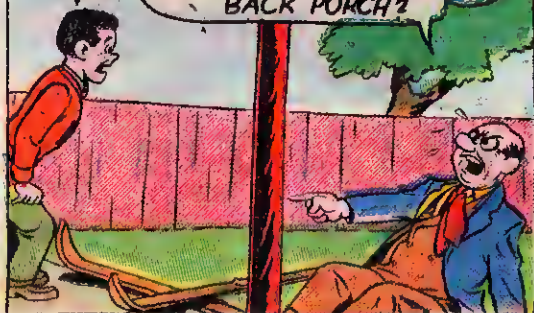


BUSTER, COME OUT HERE!



YOU CALL ME, POP?

YES, I CALLED YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LEAVING THOSE CONFOUNDED SKIS ON THE BACK PORCH?



I ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM OUT HERE WHEN I'M NOT USIN' 'EM!

THIS IS MIDSUMMER, SO I'M SURE YOU WON'T BE USING THEM FOR A WHILE! NOW PUT THEM SOMEPLACE ELSE!

YES, SIR!

YOU BETTER COME IN AND LET ME BRUSH YOU OFF, DAD, BEFORE YOU GO TO WORK!

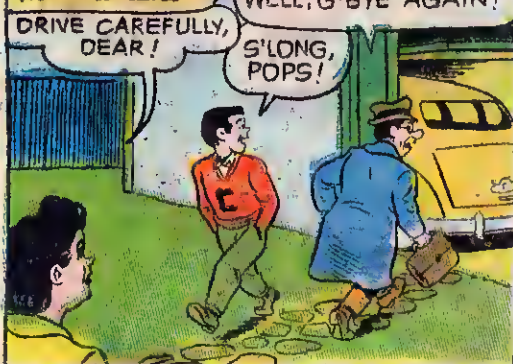


Minutes Later...

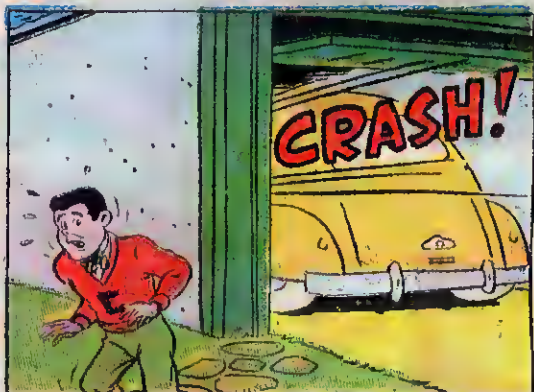
DRIVE CAREFULLY, DEAR!

WELL, G'BYE AGAIN!

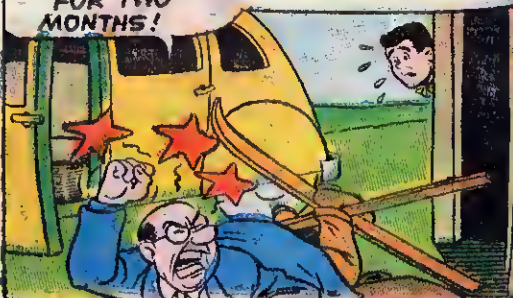
S'LONG, POPS!



CRASH!

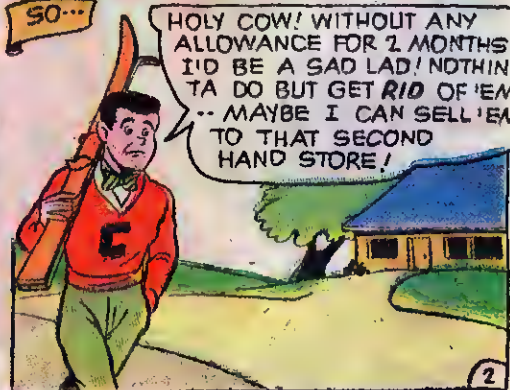


THAT DID IT! SO HELP ME, YOUNG MAN, IF THOSE SKIS AREN'T GONE WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT, THERE'LL BE NO ALLOWANCE FOR TWO MONTHS!

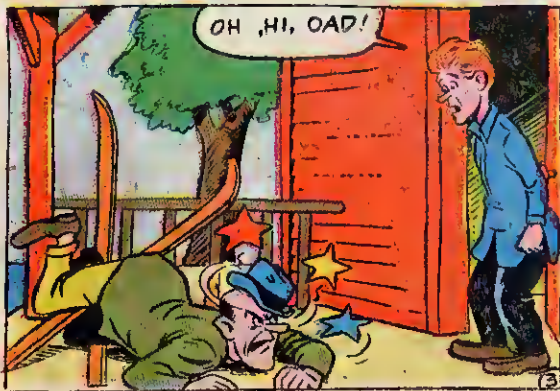
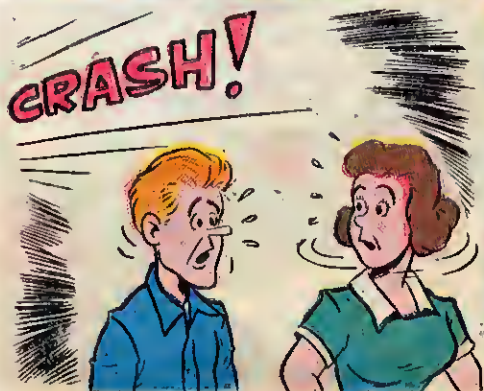
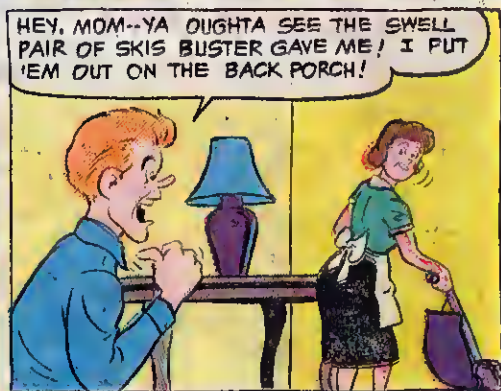
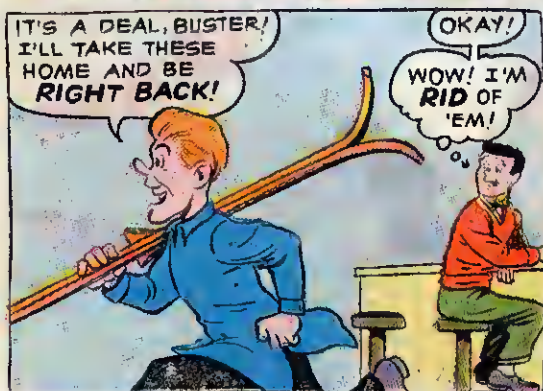
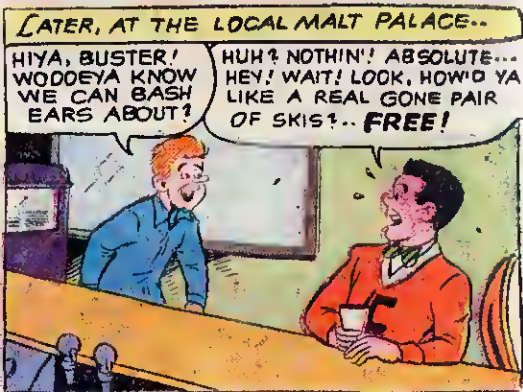


SO...

HOLY COW! WITHOUT ANY ALLOWANCE FOR 2 MONTHS I'D BE A SAD LAD! NOTHIN' TA DO BUT GET RID OF 'EM! -- MAYBE I CAN SELL 'EM TO THAT SECOND HAND STORE!





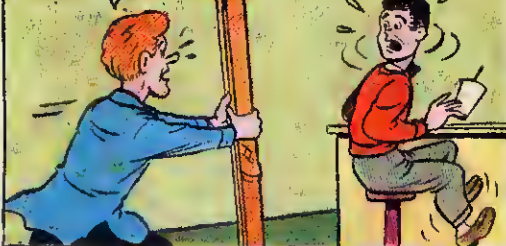




MINUTES LATER...

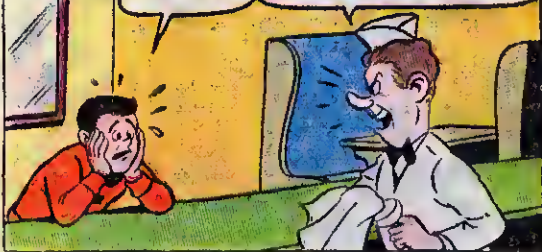
ER... AH, BUSTER, SOMETHIN' CAME UP AND MY DAD SAYS I CAN'T KEEP THE SKIS! -- HERE!

OH, MURDER!



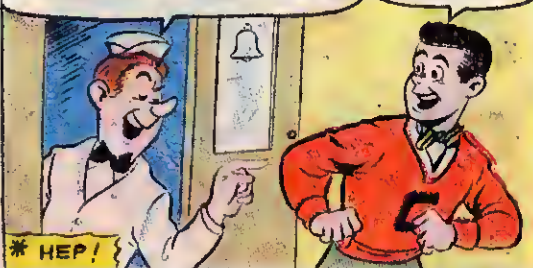
EDDIE, I'M A GONE-JONAH! IF I DON'T GET RID OF THESE SKIS, MY POP'S CUTTIN' OFF MY ALLOWANCE FOR TWO MONTHS!

YA COULDN'T SELL 'EM AND YA COULDN'T GIVE 'EM AWAY, RIGHT? OKAY, I'LL FIX THIS! I'LL MAKE A PHONE CALL AND ARRANGE IT!



IT'S ALL SET, BUSTER! BLAST UP TO 106 MAPLE WITH THE SKIS AND YOU'RE IN! YA SEE, ALL IT TAKES IS A BRAIN TA FIGURE OUT THESE HASSLES!

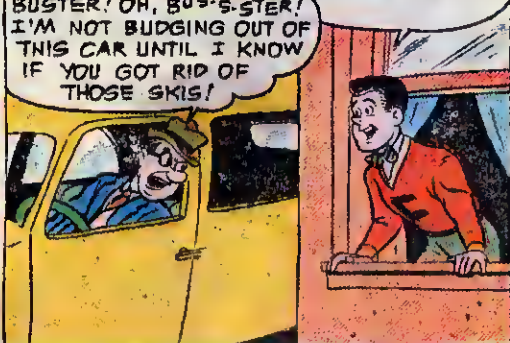
NO KIDDIN'? THANKS, EDDIE -- YOU'RE REALLY ON THE STICK! \*



SO, THAT EVENING--

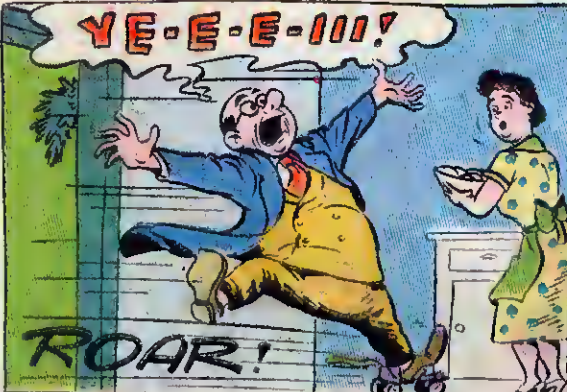
BUSTER! OH, BUS-S-TER! I'M NOT BUDGING OUT OF THIS CAR UNTIL I KNOW IF YOU GOT RID OF THOSE SKIS!

THEY'RE GONE, POP! C'MON IN!



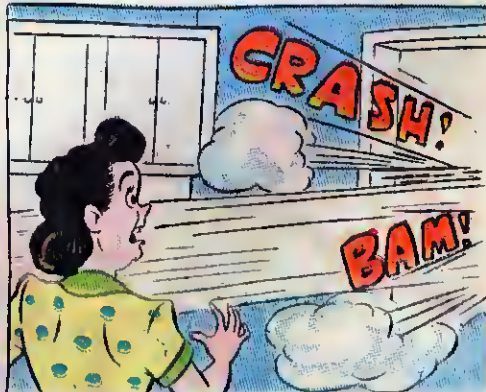
YE-E-E-III!

ROAR!



CRASH!

BAM!



NOW, POP, YOU CAN'T BLAME THIS ON BUSTER'S SKIS!

NO, I CAN'T! BUT WHERE, MAY I ASK, DID THESE COME FROM?

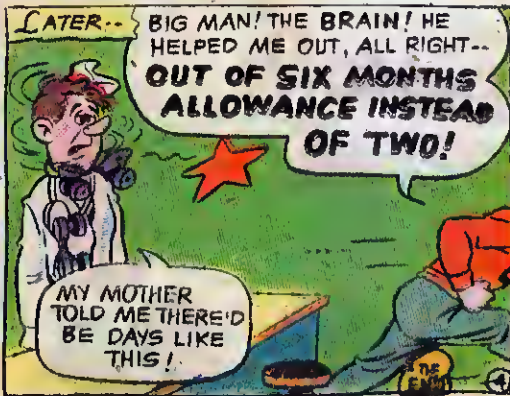
OH, THOSE? I SWAPPED MY SKIS FOR 'EM!



LATER--

BIG MAN! THE BRAIN! HE HELPED ME OUT, ALL RIGHT-- OUT OF SIX MONTHS ALLOWANCE INSTEAD OF TWO!

MY MOTHER TOLD ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS!







# EXTRA!

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NAME  (please print with pencil)

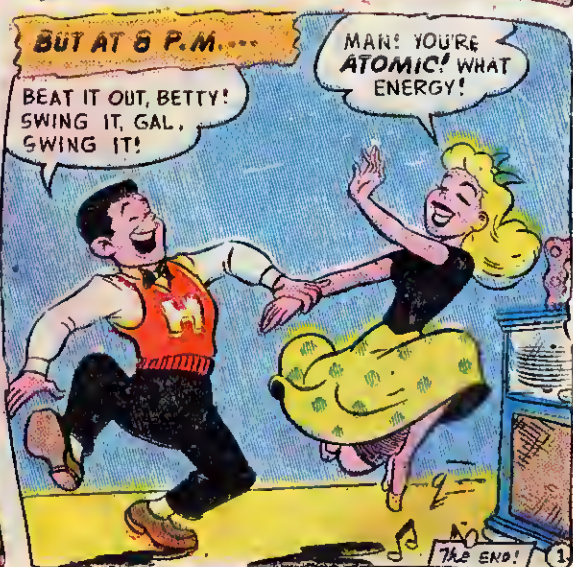
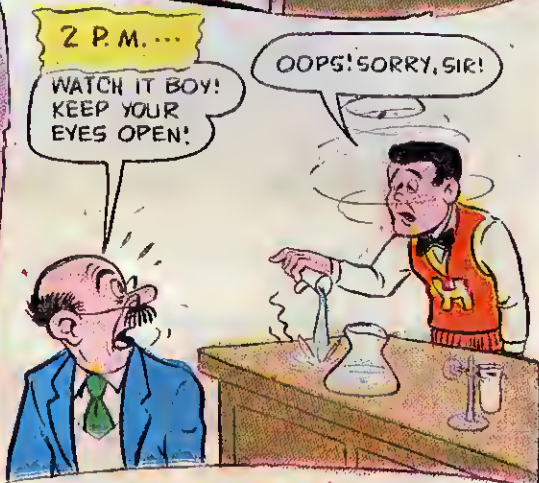
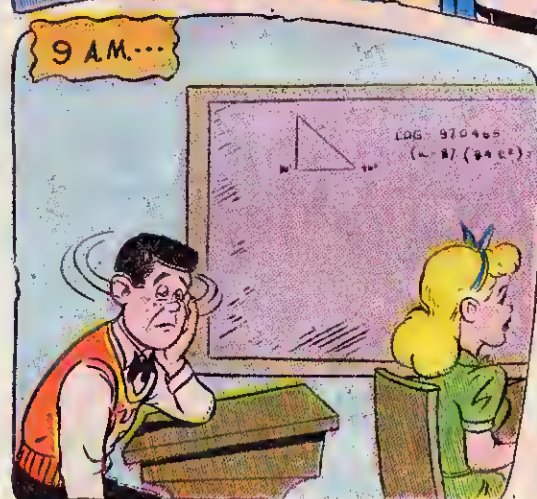
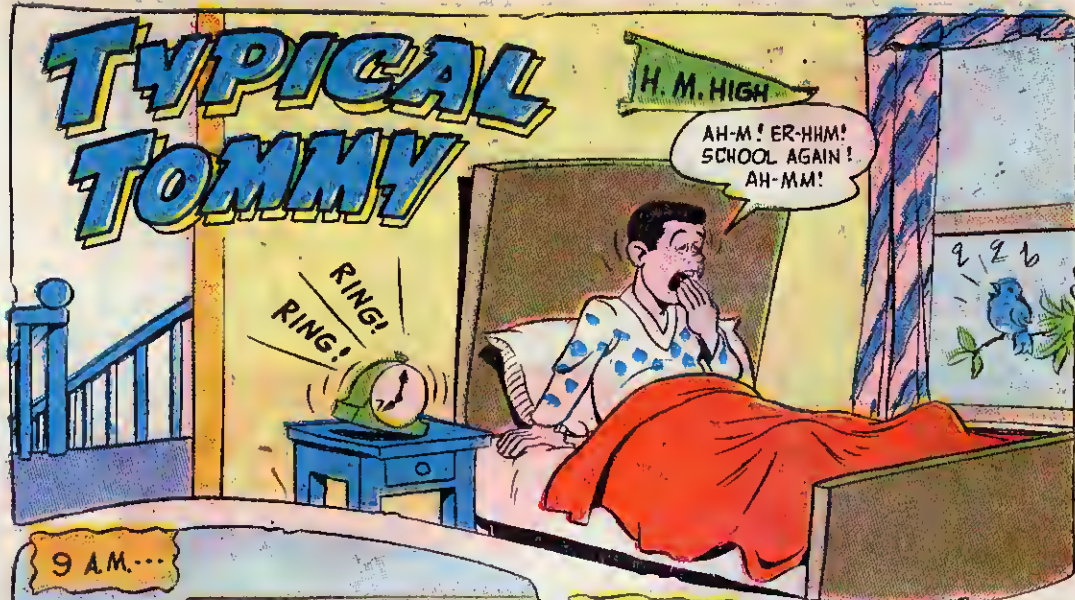
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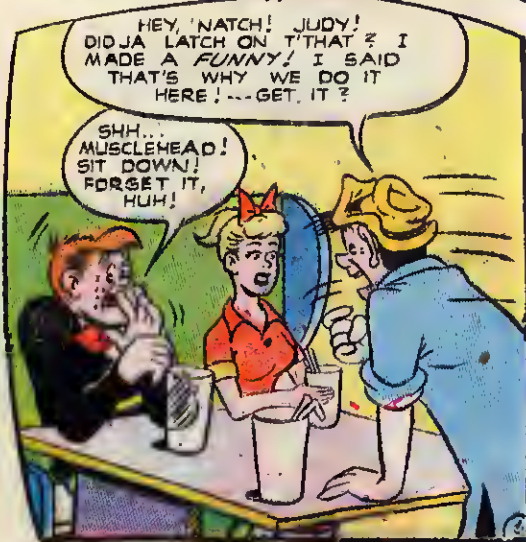
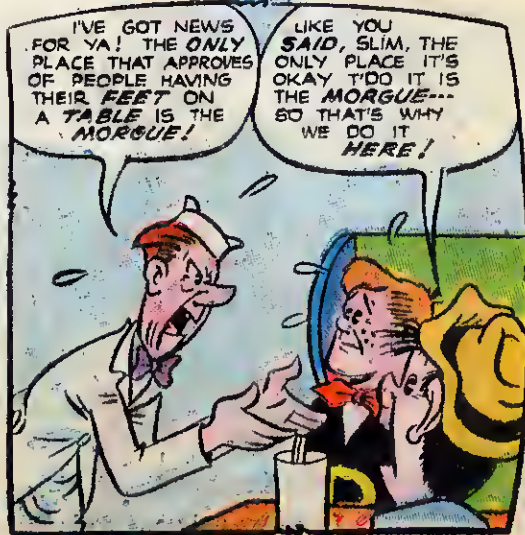
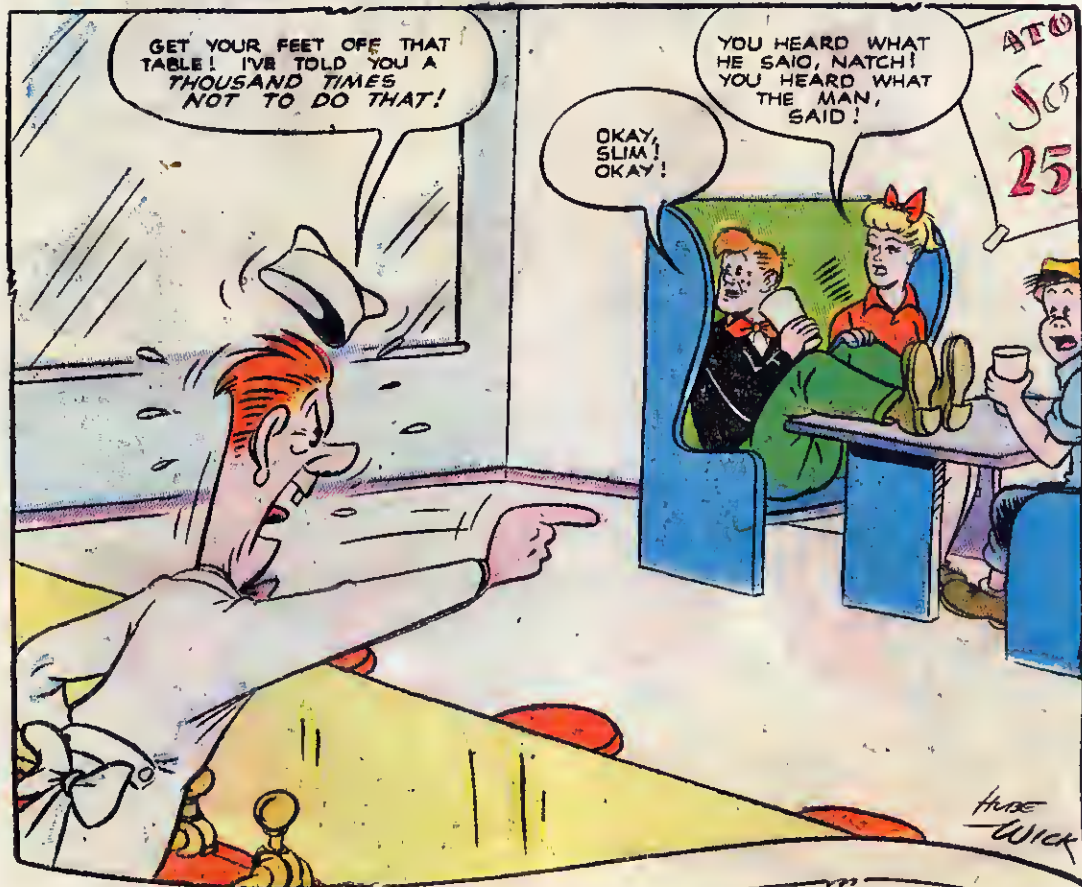
# TYPICAL TOMMY





# The KILROY KREW

in "THE HAUNTED CLUB HOUSE!"





LISTEN, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A LOONEY FACTORY! ONE MORE JERKY REMARK AND I'M GONNA FROWN ON YOUR FUTURE PRESENCE IN THIS COKE PALACE!

GULP!  
OKAY, SLIM!  
OKAY! I WAS JUST MAKIN' WITH A MILTON BERLE!



DARN KIDS FORGET SOME- TIMES THAT I'M RUNNIN' A BUS- INESS HERE! YE GODS! I HAVE TO DRAW THE LINE SOME- WHERE!

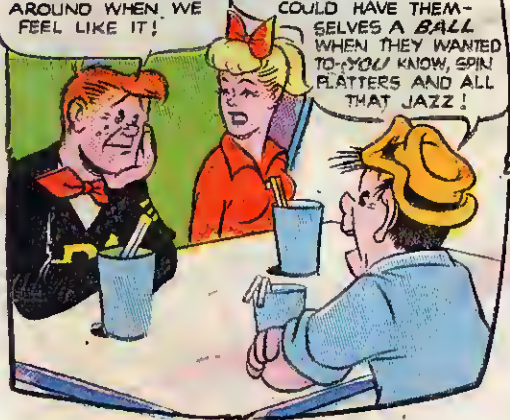
YOU KNOW, NATCH, SLIM WAS RIGHT-- YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT!

I KNOW IT, JUDY-PIE, BUT, HOLY COW! I --ER--FORGOT!



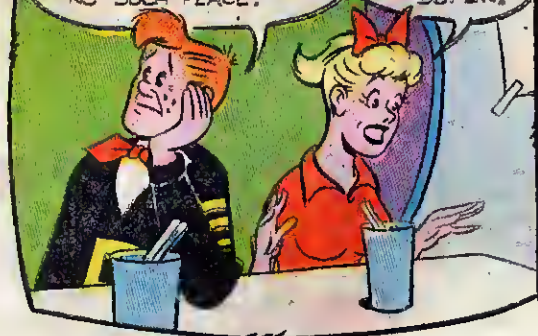
HOLY HEP! I THINK THERE OUGHTA BE A PLACE WHERE WE TEENAGERS COULD SPRAWL AROUND WHEN WE FEEL LIKE IT!

HEY, WOULDN'T THAT BE NEAT, HEY?--AN' NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IF IT WAS A PLACE WHERE THE WHOLE GANG COULD HAVE THEM- SELVES A BALL WHEN THEY WANTED TO--YOU KNOW, SPIN PLATTERS AND ALL THAT JAZZ!



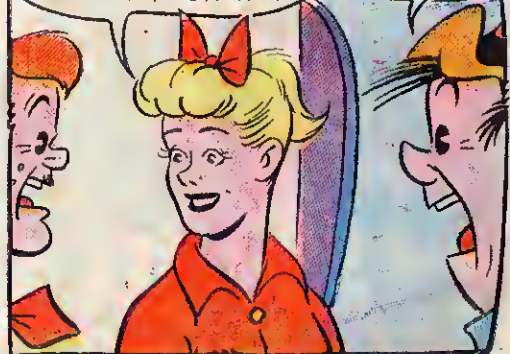
YEAH, IT'D BE A TEENSTER'S HEAVEN! OUR FOLKS WOULDN'T BE SCREAMIN' AT US FOR BEATIN' THE FURNITURE--SLIM WOULDN'T FLIP HIS WIP IF WE FORGOT AN' PUT OUR FEET ON THE TABLE AN'--AW! WHY GO ON DREAMIN'? THERE IS NO SUCH PLACE!

NO, BUT THERE COULD BE! I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA! I MEAN--SIMPLY SUPER!



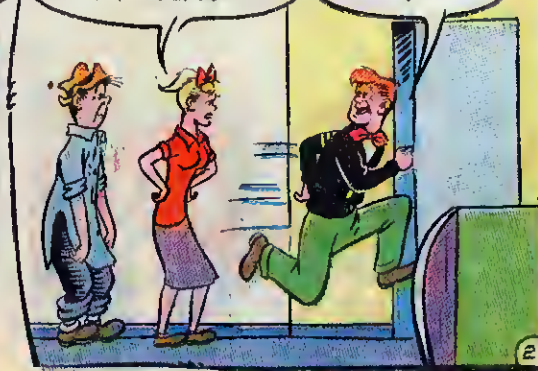
LISTEN, WHY NOT GET THE WHOLE GANG TO CHIP IN PART OF THEIR ALLOWANCE LOOT AND ALL OF US RENT THE OLD ACKER PLACE OUT ON THE PIKE FOR A TEENSTER'S CLUB HOUSE? WE COULD GET IT FOR PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

HOLY COW! ARE YOU KIDDIN'? NOBODY'S LIVED THERE IN FIFTY YEARS-- THE JOINT'S HAUNTED!



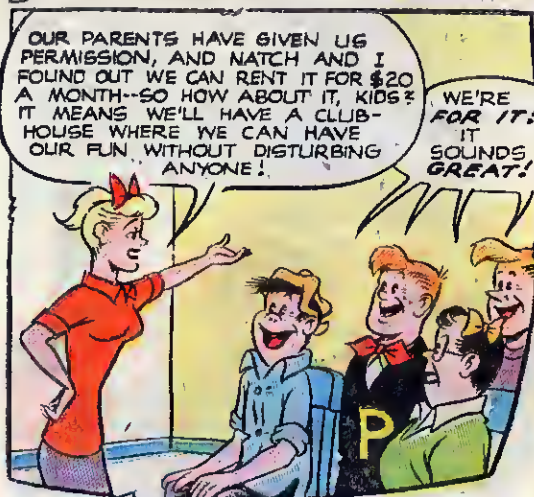
DON'T BE A CORNBALL, JACKSON! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A HAUNTED HOUSE!-- WELL, NATCH, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY IDEA?

KEEN! IT'S SO SHARP IT BLEEDS! C'MON! LET'S GET WITH IT!





SO THAT AFTERNOON AT JUDY'S HOUSE...

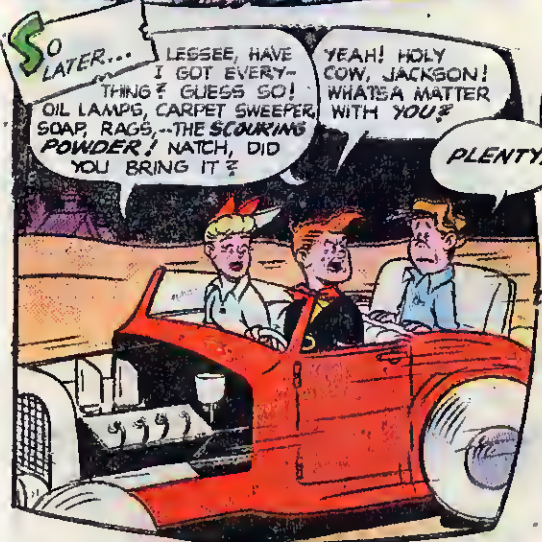
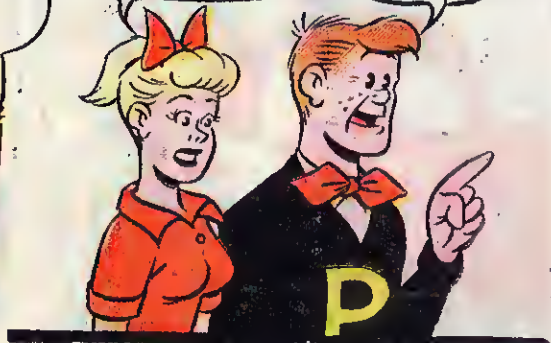


OUR PARENTS HAVE GIVEN US PERMISSION, AND NATCH AND I FOUND OUT WE CAN RENT IT FOR \$20 A MONTH--SO HOW ABOUT IT, KIDS? IT MEANS WE'LL HAVE A CLUB-HOUSE WHERE WE CAN HAVE OUR FUN WITHOUT DISTURBING ANYONE!

WE'RE FOR IT! IT SOUNDS GREAT!

SWELL! NATCH, JACKSON AND I WILL CLEAN THE PLACE UP TONIGHT, AND TOMORROW--ALL YOU CATS BRING OUT A PIECE OF OLD FURNITURE!

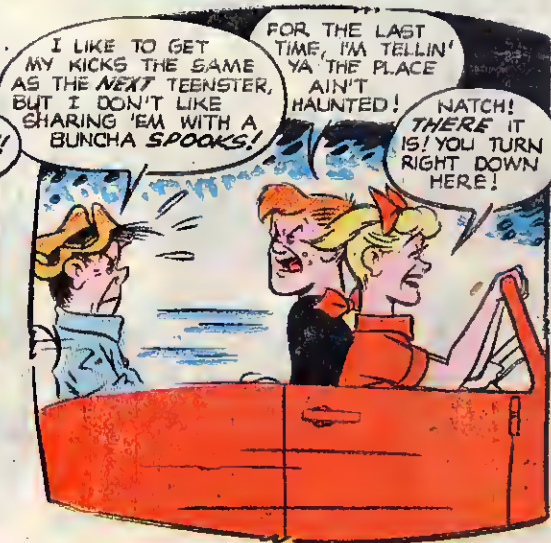
AND DON'T FORGET TO GIMME YOUR PIECE OF GOLD FOR THE RENT BEFORE Y'GO!



SO LATER... LESSEE, HAVE I GOT EVERYTHING? GUESS SO! OIL LAMPS, CARPET SWEEPER, SOAP, RAGS,--THE SCOURING POWDER! NATCH, DID YOU BRING IT?

YEAH! HOLY COW, JACKSON! WHATSA MATTER WITH YOU?

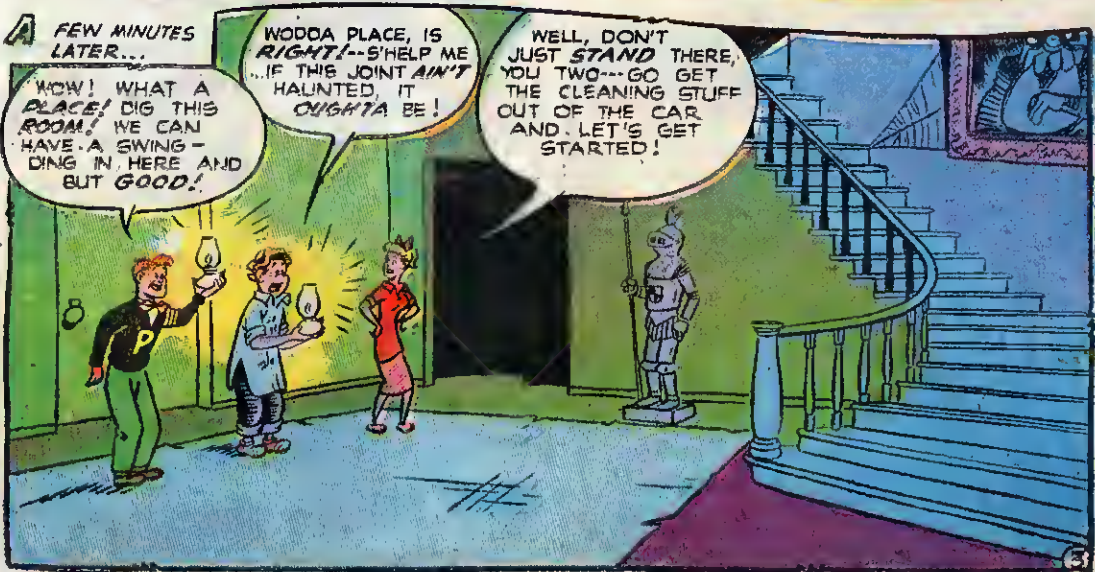
PLENTY!



I LIKE TO GET MY KICKS THE SAME AS THE NEXT TEENSTER, BUT I DON'T LIKE SHARING 'EM WITH A BUNCHA SPOOKS!

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M TELLIN' YA THE PLACE AIN'T HAUNTED!

NATCH! THERE IT IS! YOU TURN RIGHT DOWN HERE!



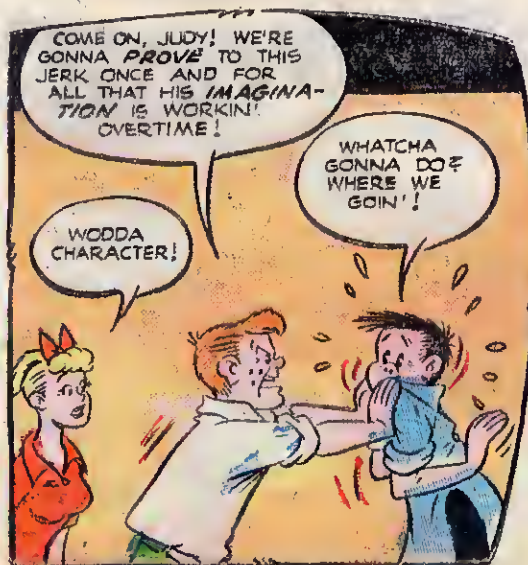
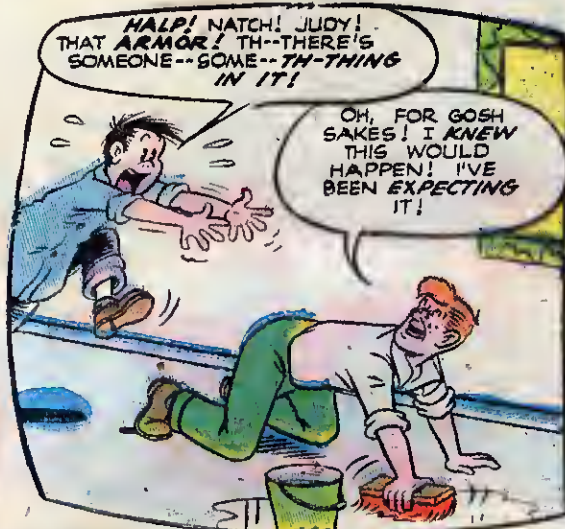
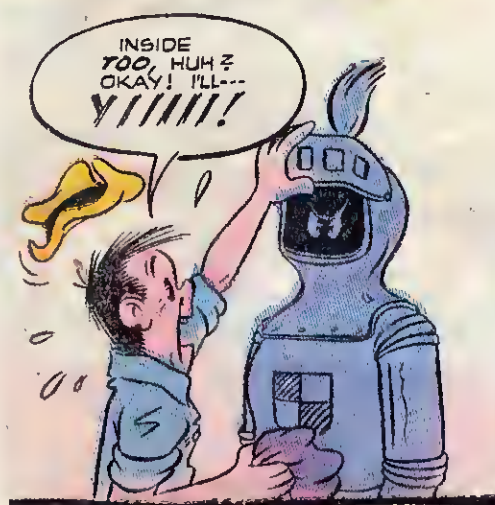
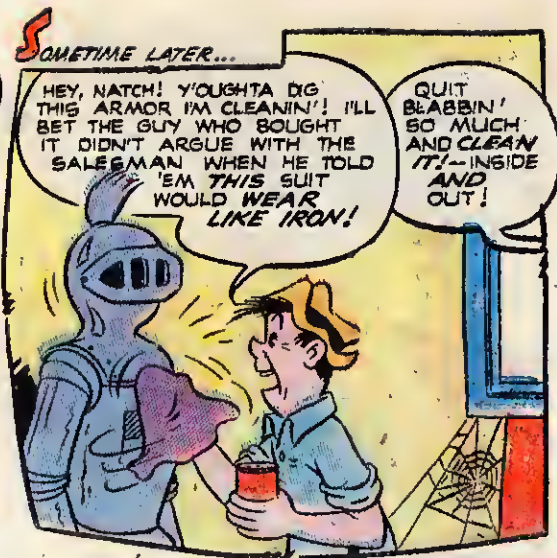
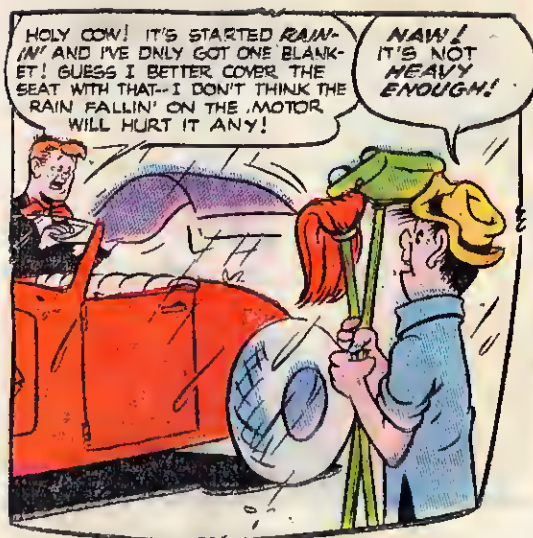
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WODDA PLACE, IS RIGHT!--S'HELP ME...IF THIS JOINT AIN'T HAUNTED, IT OUGHTA BE!

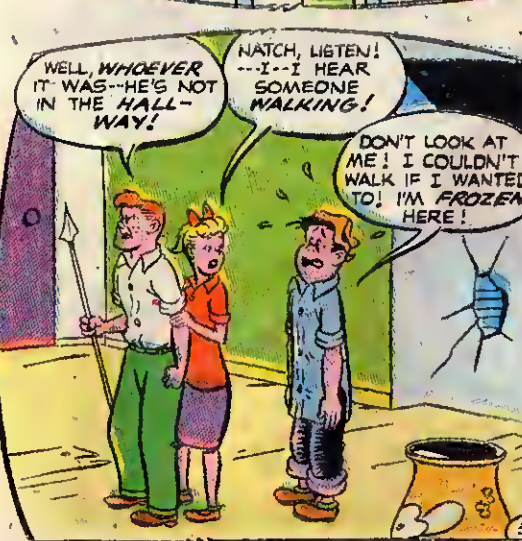
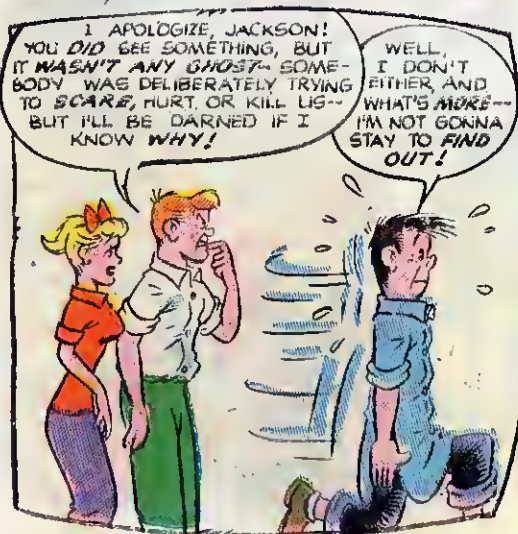
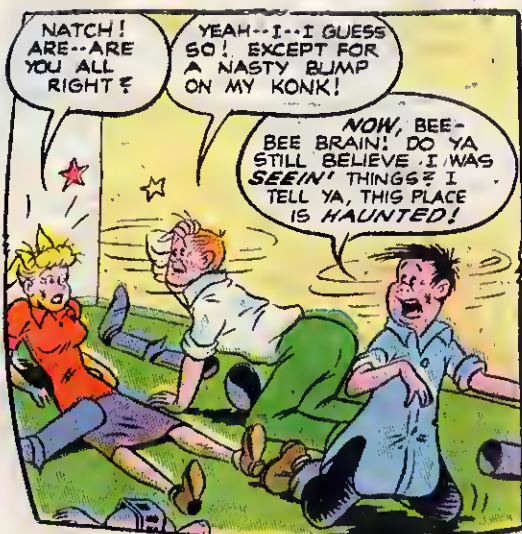
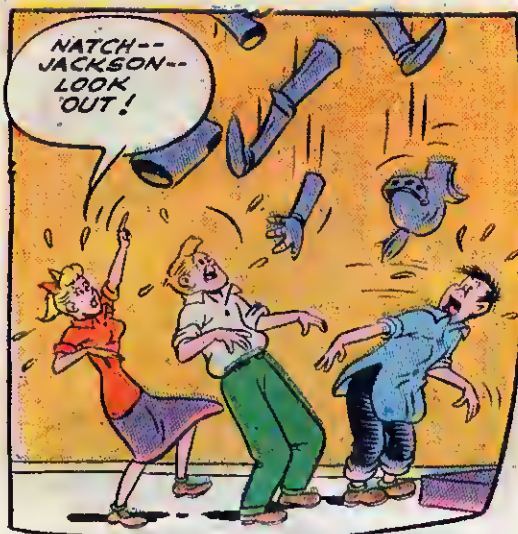
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU TWO--GO GET THE CLEANING STUFF OUT OF THE CAR AND LET'S GET STARTED!

WOW! WHAT A PLACE! DIG THIS ROOM! WE CAN HAVE A SWING-DING IN HERE AND BUT GOOD!

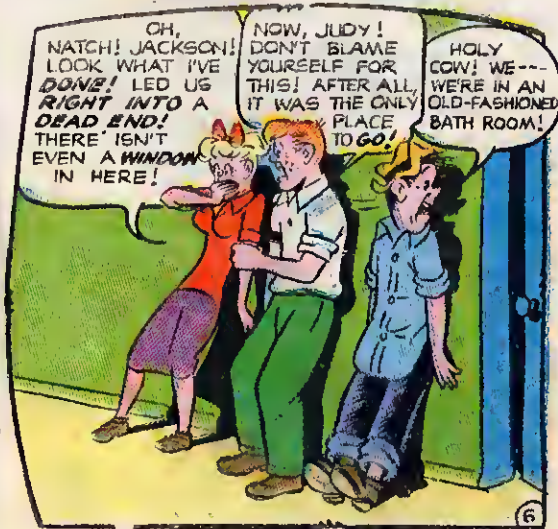
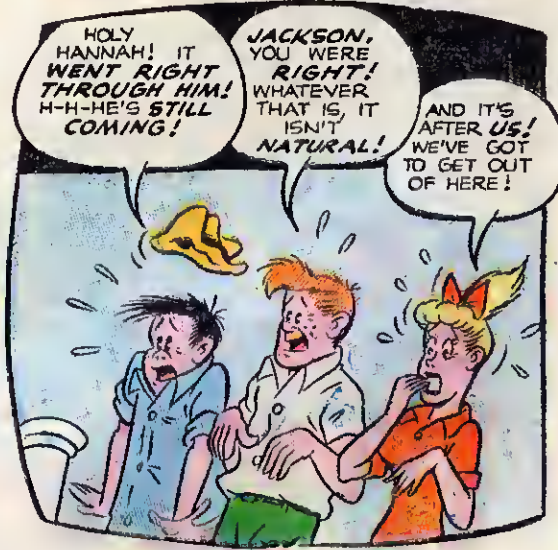
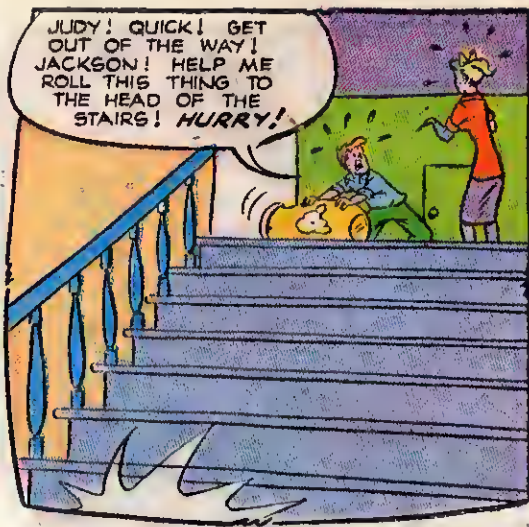














OH, NATCH! WE'RE  
FINISHED! THROUGH!  
AND IT'S ALL MY  
FAULT! SOB!  
THIS WHOLE IDEA  
WAS MINE!

HOLY HEP,  
JUDY! STOP IT!  
LISTEN, WE'RE  
NOT GOING DOWN  
WITHOUT A FIGHT---  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA!

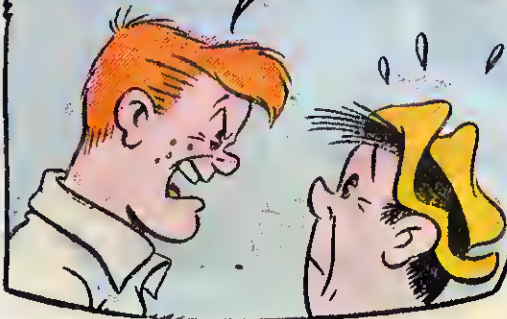


JACKSON, TURN  
THE WATER ON IN  
THAT OLD BATH-  
TUB! ---  
HURRY!

OKAY, BUT IF  
Y'ASK ME, THIS  
IS A PRETTY  
SILLY TIME TO  
TAKE A  
BATH!

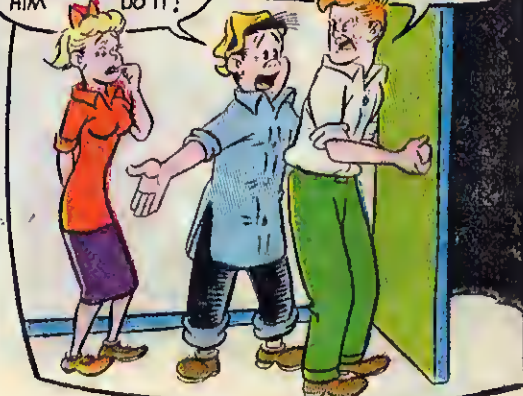


NOBODY'S GONNA TAKE A BATH,  
Y' FRACTURE HEAD! THIS IS PART OF  
MY PLAN! NOW, QUICK, EVERYBODY!  
GET READY TO HIDE BEHIND THE DOOR,  
CUZZ I'M GONNA OPEN IT AND  
MAKE IT AS EASY AS POSSIBLE  
FOR THAT SPECTRE TO WALK  
IN HERE!



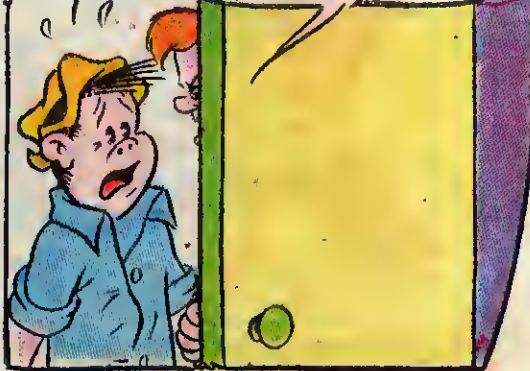
HOLY COW! WHY,  
HE'S A GHOST!  
HE CAN WALK  
RIGHT THROUGH  
THINGS! WE SAW  
HIM

I KNOW, BUT HE USED  
TO BE HUMAN AND I THINK HE'LL  
ENTER THE EASY WAY IF HE CAN!  
WHAT'S MORE, I BELIEVE THAT  
EVEN A GHOST CAN BE  
TAKEN BY SURPRISE!



WHAT'CHA  
MEAN?

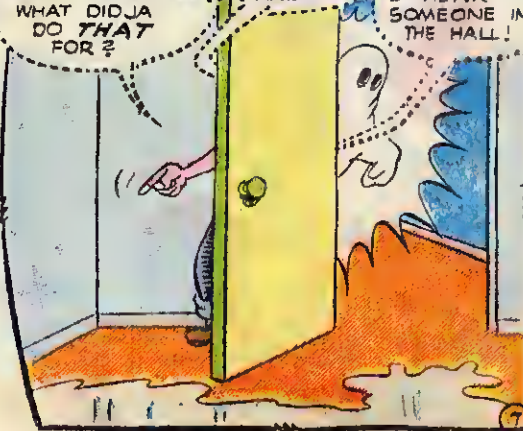
WHEN HE WALKS IN,  
WE'RE GONNA DASH OUT  
BEHIND HIM, SLAM THE DOOR  
AND LOCK IT! I THINK THE  
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WILL  
GIVE US A HEADSTART IN  
TRYIN' TO GET OUT OF  
HERE!



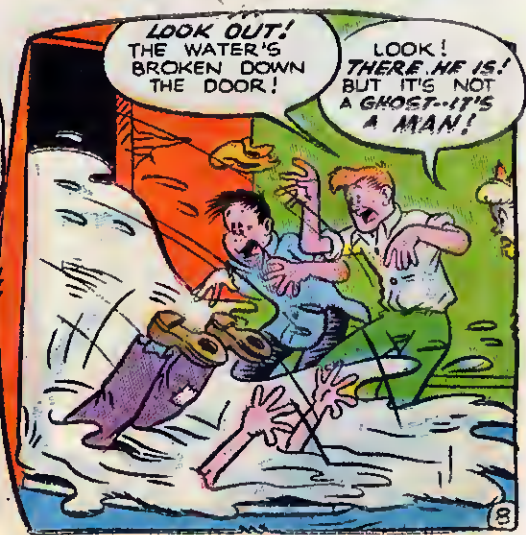
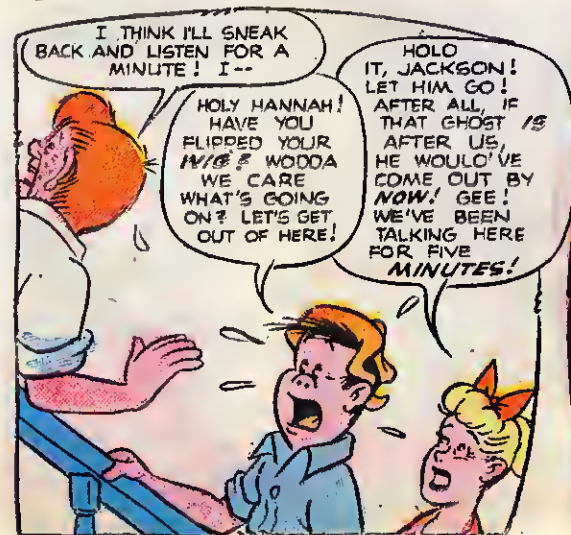
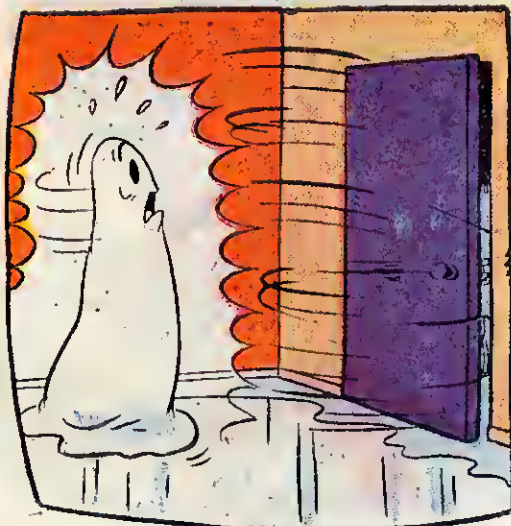
HEY! LOOK!  
THAT TUB'S OVER-  
FLOWIN' INTO THE  
ROOM AND BUT FAST!  
WHAT DIDJA  
DO THAT  
FOR?

TO CONFUSE  
HIM, Y' JERK!  
WHEN I SLAM  
THE DOOR  
AND--

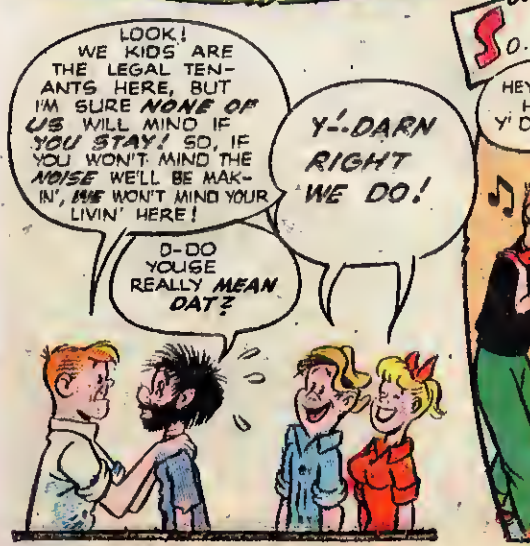
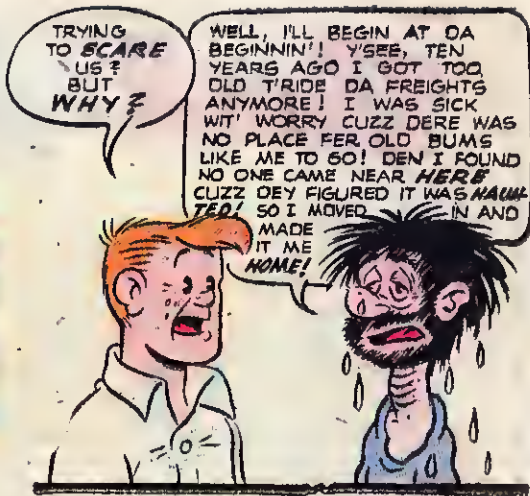
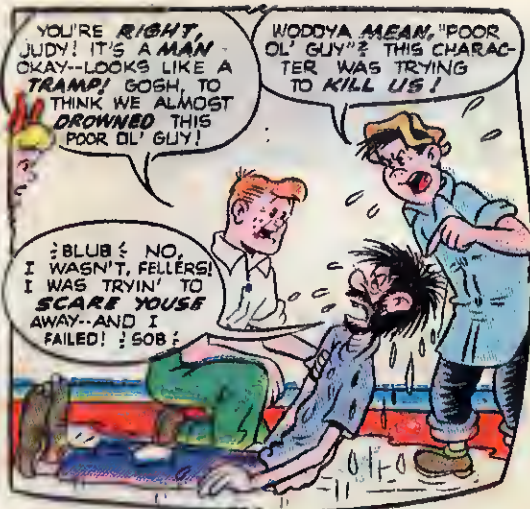
SHH!  
NATCH!  
I HEAR  
SOMEONE IN  
THE HALL!













# Back To NORMAL

JUDY LOOKED LONG and coldly at her faithful swain. "Billy," she said, revealing her even white teeth in a deliberate fashion, "you're a child! A mere child!" She made certain to pronounce the "d" clearly and bitingly.

Billy groaned. The signs were unmistakable. Judy was "being someone" again. Every so often, far too often for Billy's liking, Judy would get a violent crush on an actress or some other public figure who exuded glamour. And then, for weeks or maybe months, Judy would "be" that person!

This time, her model was easily recognized. "Bette Davis," Billy said to himself, with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach. "This is gonna be rough on me!"

He wasn't wrong, either. When he tried to broach the subject of the Delta dance, to which he had counted on taking Judy and having a terrific ol' time, she turned that look on him again. "Dance?" she inquired. "Really, Billy, that's sweetttt of you, but I can'tttt! Dances are so...so..." groping for another word, she lit on the same one again. "Childish!"

Oh, this was bad, Billy thought. The dance was only a week away, and if Judy were still being Bette Davis by that time, he'd *never* get to take her! There must be some way, something he could say or *do...do...* that was it!

For the first time, Billy realized how it felt to have an inspiration! "Judy," he said gravely, "I know exactly how you feel and I don't blame you at all! Sure, all that stuff's for kids! And you're a sophisticated woman of the world! So how's about takin' in...I mean...would you accompany me to the art exhibition at the Museum this

Wednesday?"

Judy flickered her eyelashes agreeably at this acceptance of her new role. She smiled graciously at Billy for understanding her. "I'd be chahmed!" she said.

The day was Wednesday and the hour was five o'clock. That was the time Judy and Billy had arranged to meet. And, as Billy waited for her to join him, he looked nervously up and down the museum corridors, hoping none of his friends would see him! Would he get away with it, that was the question! Or would Judy be angry and never talk to him again?

"Too late now," Billy thought, as he saw Judy walking towards him. "I've just got to take my chances!"

Judy was still being Bette Davis, no doubt of it! Her eyes were narrowed and her eyebrows raised as she approached Billy. "Isn't this a superb... Billy!" All traces of Bette Davis were gone as Judy screeched Billy's name. "What's the matter with you?"

"Ah, nothin'!" Billy managed to effect a deep, resonant growl as he grabbed Judy's elbow and pushed her roughly towards one of the galleries.

"But your shirt...it's torn...and you haven't combed your hair...and there's a smudge on your..."

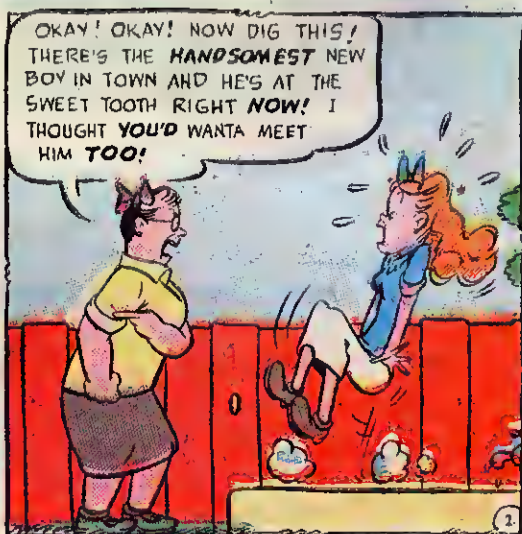
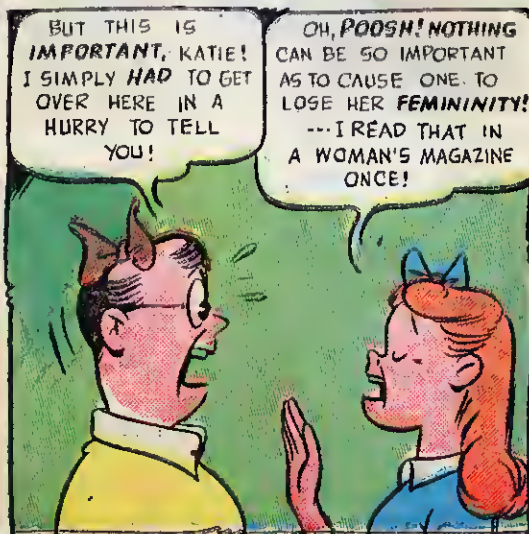
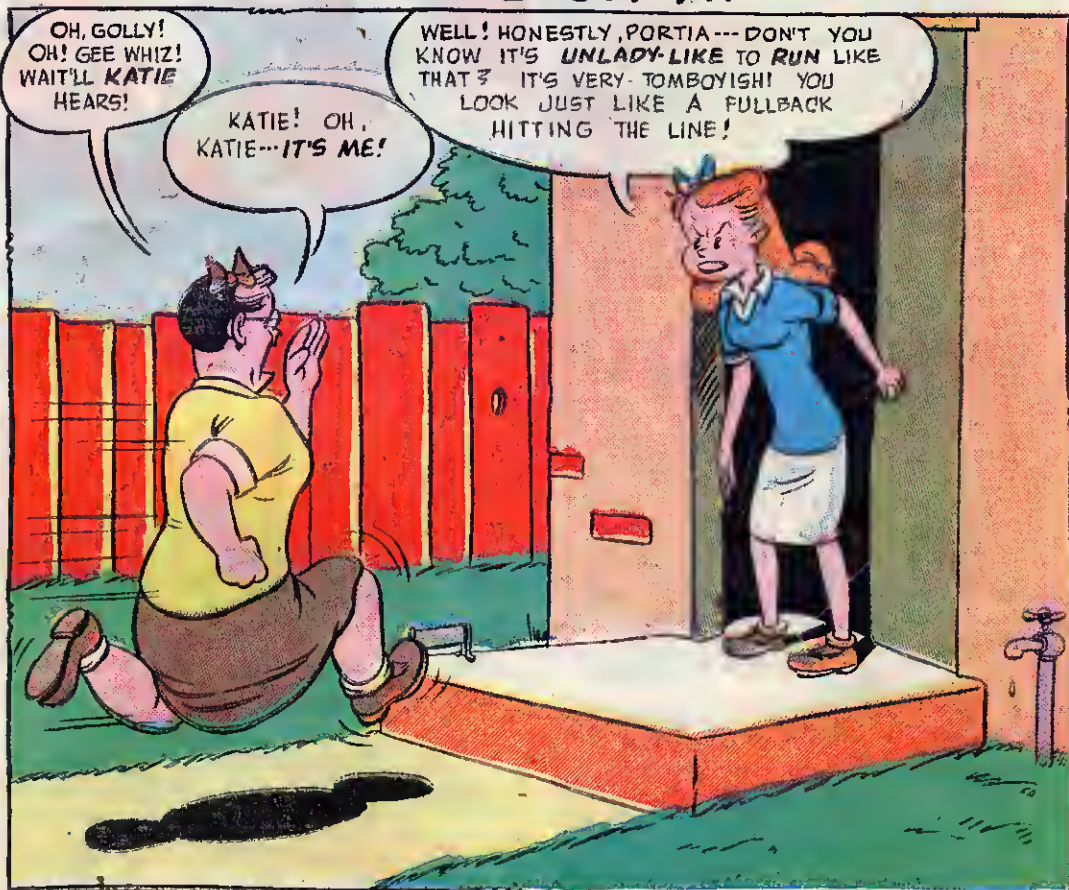
"Yeah, I know!" How tough his voice sounded, even to himself. "A guy like me can't be bothered with details! Ever since I figured myself to be the Humphrey Bogart type..."

Judy squealed, a good, old-fashioned girlish squeal. "No! Oh, Billy, just be yourself again and...and...so will I!"

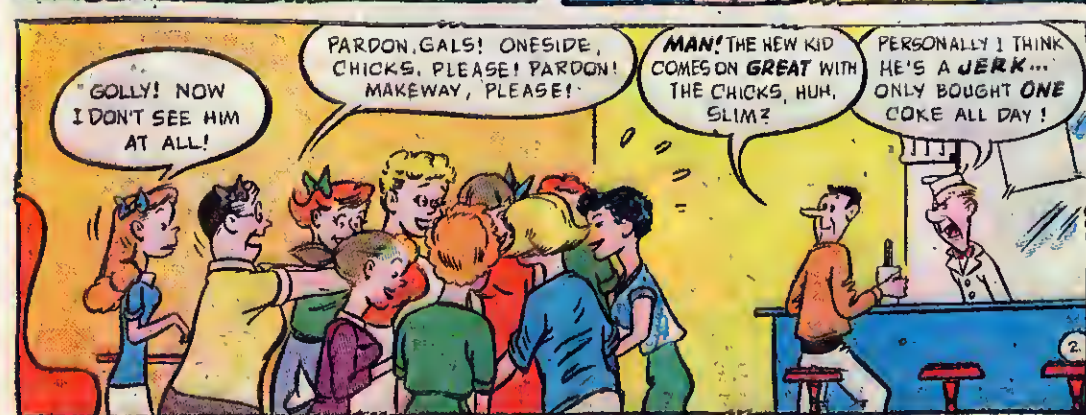
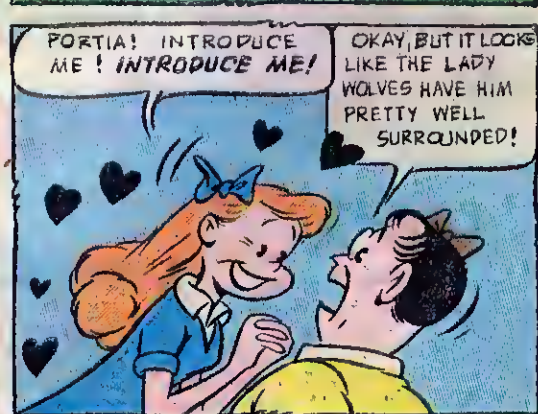
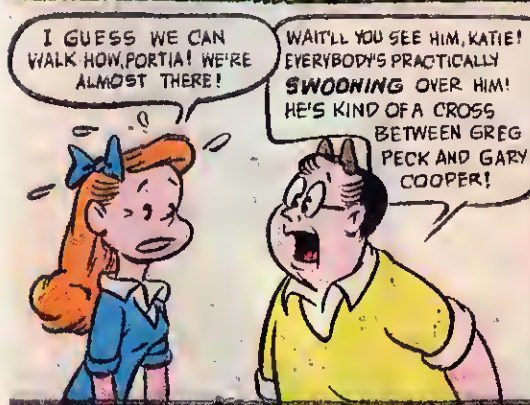
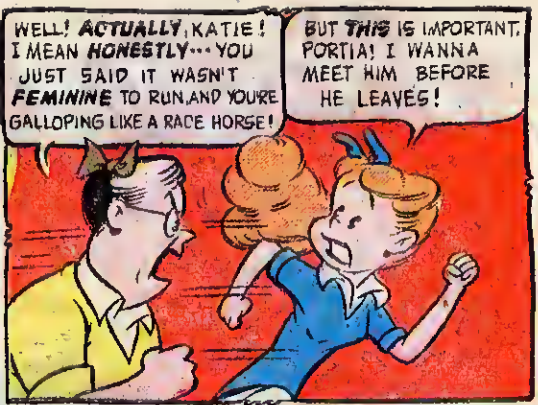
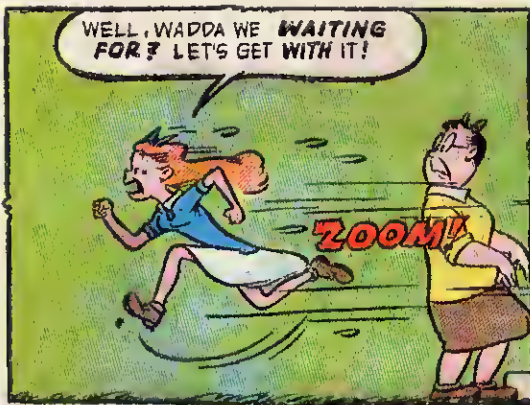
A wave of happiness swept over Billy! That Delta dance was going to be terrific, after all!



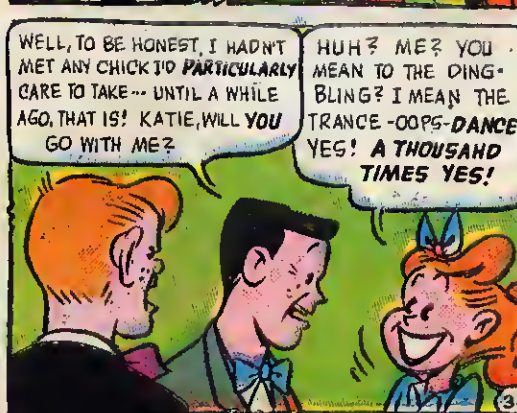
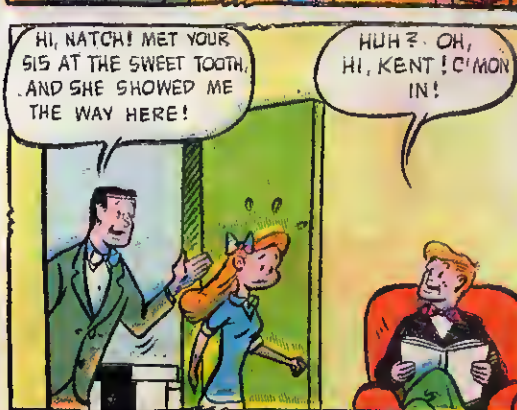
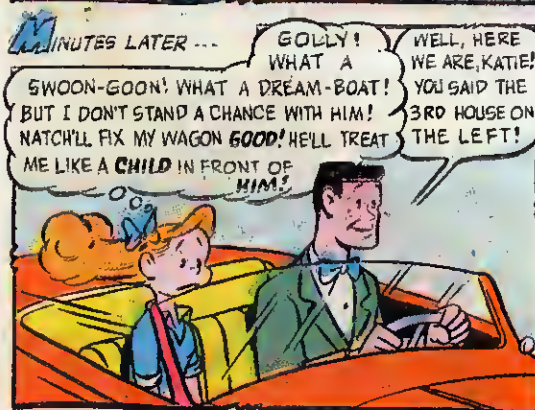
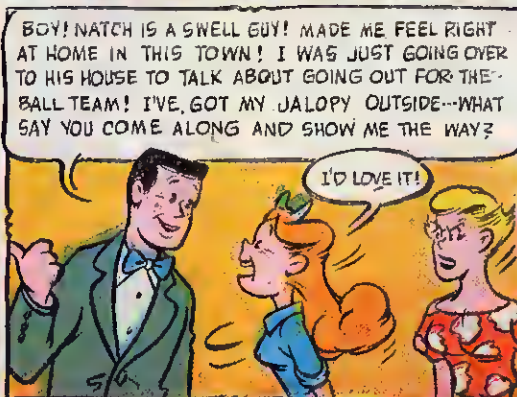
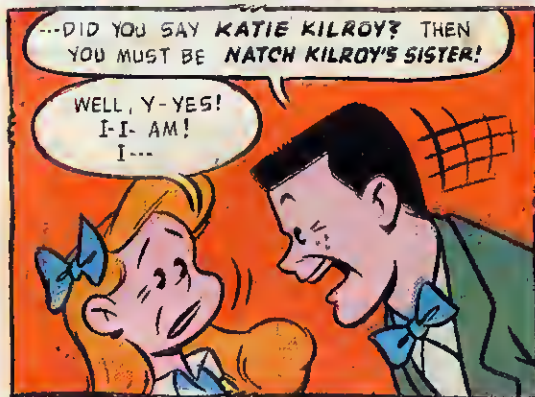
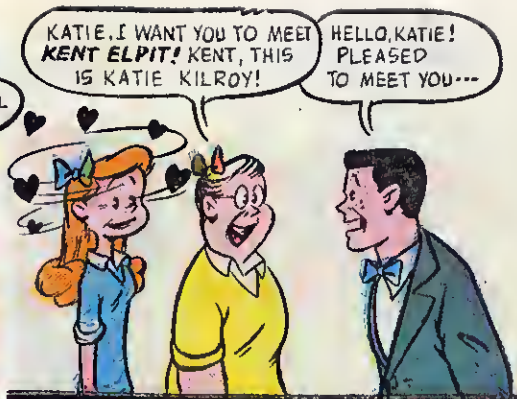
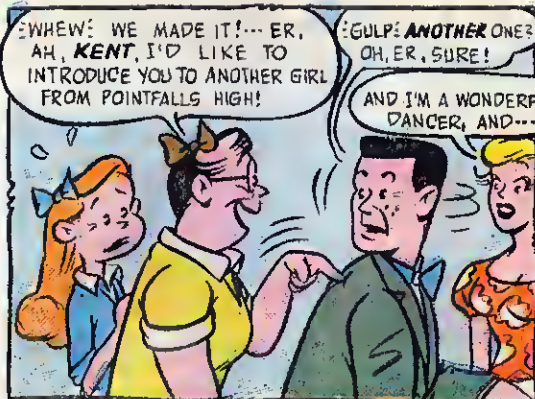
# Katie Kilroy "LOVELY TO LOOK AT!"



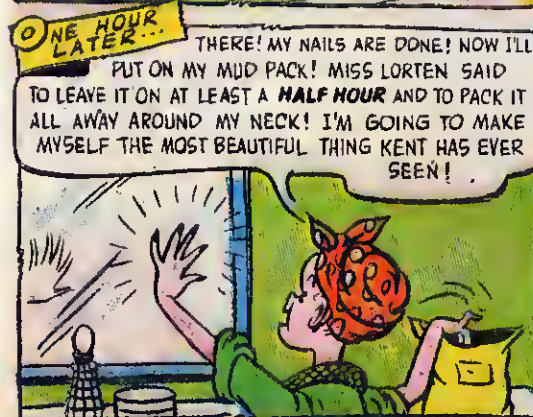
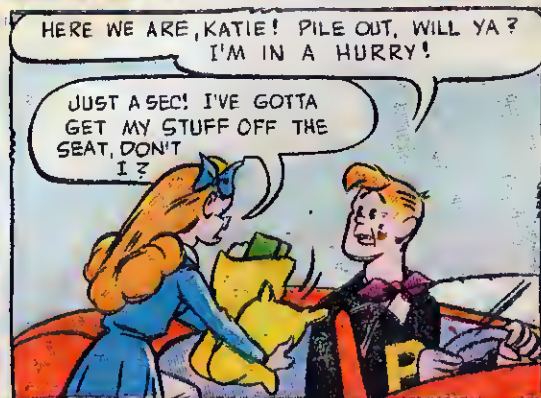
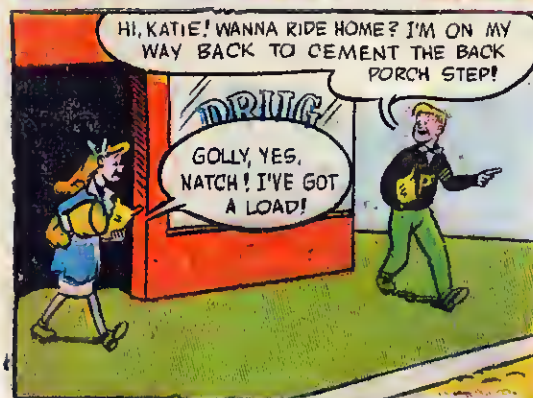
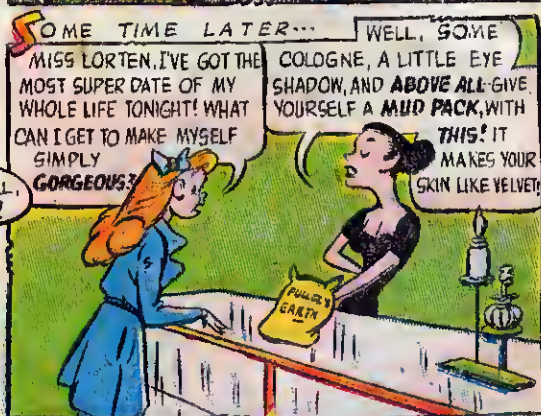
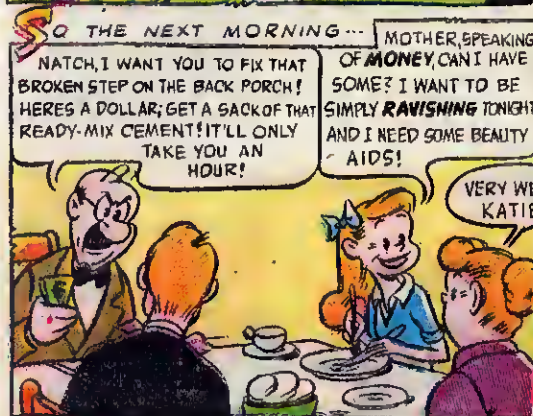
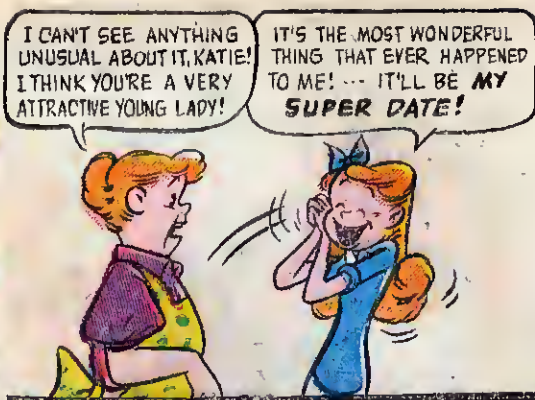
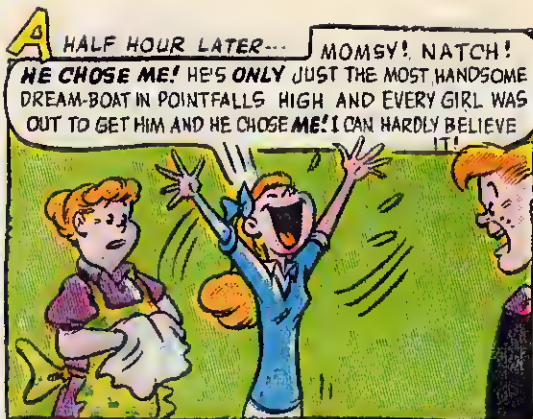














HOLY COW, MOM...WHAT A HASSEL!  
I CAN'T FIX THE BACK STEP! THIS  
READY-MIX CEMENT ISN'T ANY GOOD...IT  
KEEPS **CRUMPLING** AWAY ALL THE TIME! POP'LL  
FLIP HIS WIG WHEN HE SEES IT ISN'T  
FIXED!

THAT'S ODD!  
YOUR FATHER'S USED  
IT SEVERAL TIMES  
AND...



MOTHER! MOTH -E-ERR! YOU GOTTA HELP  
ME! I CAN'T GET MY MUD PACK  
**OFF!**

KATIE KILROY, YOU'RE  
BEING **SILLY!** A MUD PACK  
SHOULD **CRUMPLE** RIGHT OFF!  
NOW TRY IT AGAIN!



**CRUMPLE RIGHT OFF?** OH, NO!... HOLY  
COW! IF WHAT I THINK HAPPENED ... JUST A  
SEC ... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



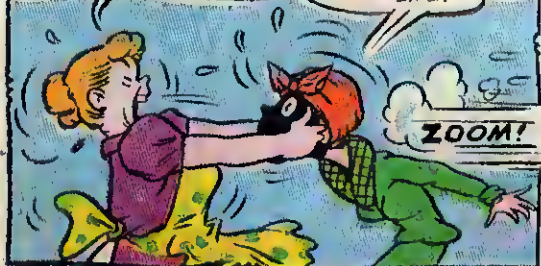
LOOK! KATIE'S GOT MY READY-MIX  
CEMENT ON HER **FACE**, AND I'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO FIX THE BACK DOOR WITH HER MUD PACK!  
WE MUST'VE GOT THE SACKS MIXED IN THE  
CAR!

**EEEEK!**



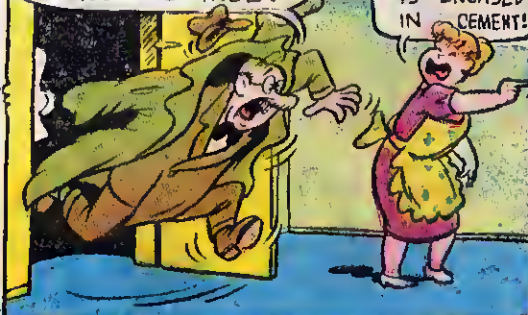
I CAN'T BUDGE IT! NATCH,  
CALL THE DOCTOR! CALL  
YOU'RE FATHER TO  
COME HOME! HURRY!

BAW! IF YOU DON'T  
GET THIS OFF I'LL  
HAVE TO GIVE UP THE  
BIGGEST DATE OF MY  
LIFE!

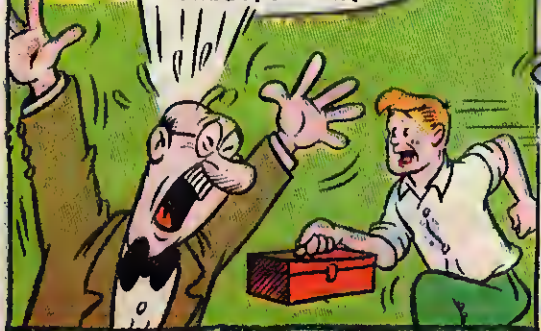


**4 MINUTES LATER...** **EMMA!**  
IS THAT INSANE STORY NATCH  
TOLD ME TRUE?

YES! KATIE'S  
WHOLE FACE  
IS ENCASED  
IN CEMENT!



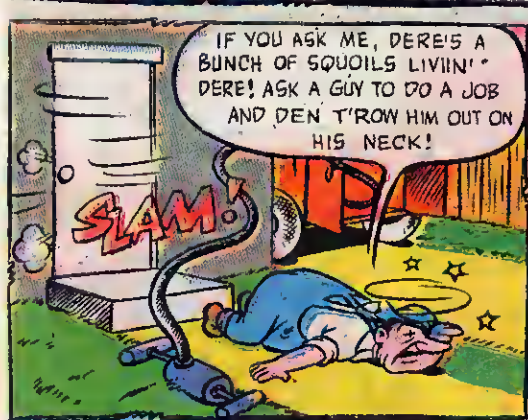
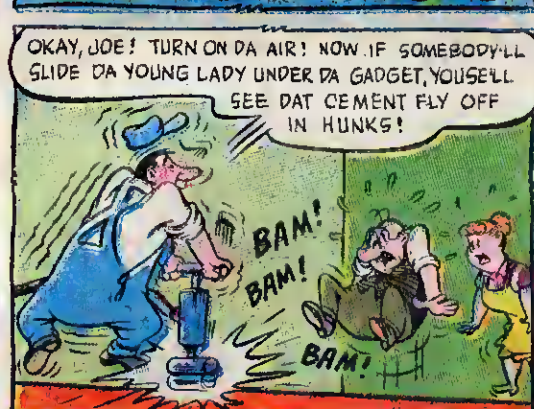
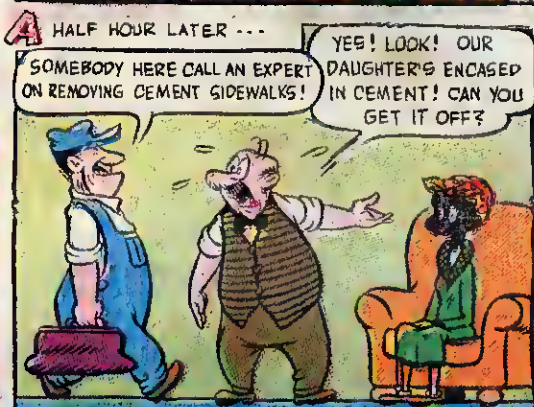
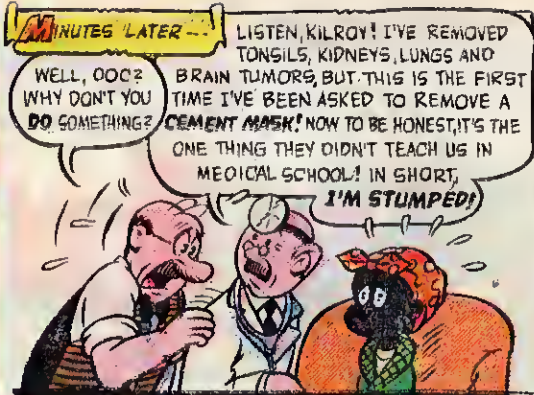
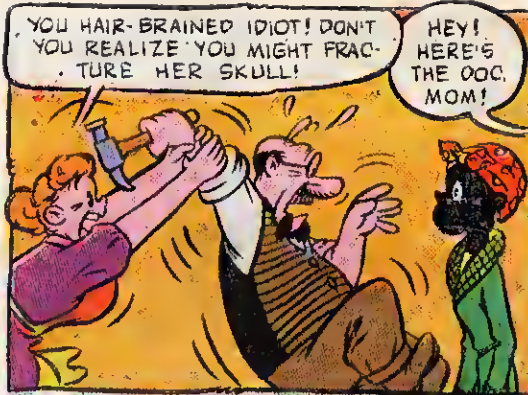
WHY HASN'T SOMEBODY **DONE** SOMETHING?  
NATCH! GET ME MY **TOOL**  
**CHEST!** HURRY!



NOW, DON'T WORRY, HONEY!  
YOU'RE OLD DADDY'LL HAVE  
IT OFF IN A SECOND!









I DON'T WANNA BE FAMOUS!  
I JUST WANNA LOOK  
LIKE OTHER PEOPLE  
AGAIN! BAWIE!

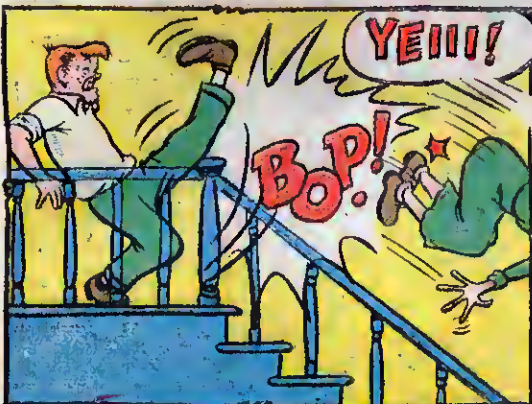
HEY! I THINK I KNOW  
SOMETHING THAT MIGHT  
**WORK!**... KATIE,  
COME ON UPSTAIRS  
WITH ME!

NOW JUST STAND RIGHT  
THERE, KATIE, AND **RELAX**  
COMPLETELY!

RELAX?

YEAH!

OKAY!



YEH!!!

BOOP!



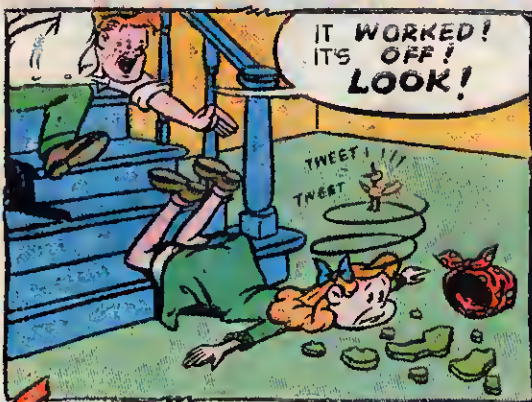
BONKITY!

BONK!

BONK!

BONK!

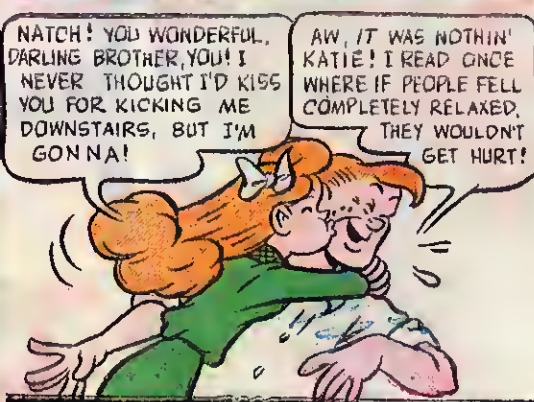
BLAM!



IT WORKED!  
IT'S **OFF!**  
**LOOK!**

TWEET!

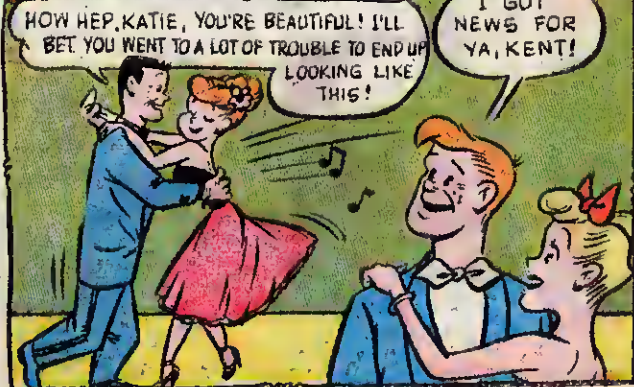
TWEET!



NATCH! YOU WONDERFUL,  
DARLING BROTHER, YOU! I  
NEVER THOUGHT I'D KISS  
YOU FOR KICKING ME  
DOWNSTAIRS, BUT I'M  
GONNA!

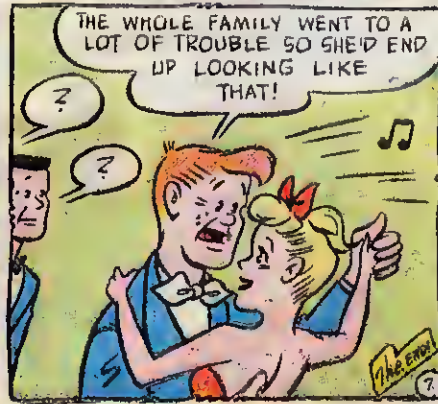
AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'  
KATIE! I READ ONCE  
WHERE IF PEOPLE FELL  
COMPLETELY RELAXED,  
THEY WOULDN'T  
GET HURT!

SO LATER THAT NIGHT...



HOW HEY, KATIE, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! I'LL  
BET YOU WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO END UP  
LOOKING LIKE  
THIS!

I GOT  
NEWS FOR  
YA, KENT!



THE WHOLE FAMILY WENT TO A  
LOT OF TROUBLE SO SHE'D END  
UP LOOKING LIKE  
THAT!

The End!



# The GREATEST

HELLO, RICK? IT'S  
ALL OFF, MAN! I GOTTA  
MOW THE LAWN TODAY!

RELAX, I'VE GOT  
AN ANGLE! THERE'S  
A KID LIVES NEAR  
HERE THAT OWNS A  
COUPLA SHEEP, AND  
I'LL BET I CAN GET HIM  
TO LEAVE 'EM ON YOUR  
LAWN TODAY!-- THEY'LL  
EAT GRASS SHORTER  
THAN YOU CAN CUT IT!

I'LL CALL YA BACK AND  
LET YOU KNOW WHAT HE  
SAYS!

HEY!  
KEEN,  
HEY!

MINUTES LATER--

GOOD NEWS! HE'LL  
BRING 'EM OVER AND LEAVE  
'EM ON YOUR LAWN! SO COME  
ON OVER TO MY PLACE AND  
LET'S GO SWIMMIN'!

I'M ALREADY  
ON MY WAY,  
RICK! WOW!

LATER IN THE DAY---

YIIII! MY JALOPY!  
-- IT'S GONE!

CRUNCH!

WAIT'LL I GET YOU, YOU  
BIRDBRAIN! THOSE WEREN'T  
SHEEP, THEY WERE BILLY-GOATS!  
INSTEAD OF MOWIN' DOWN MY  
LAWN, THEY MOWED DOWN  
MY JALOPY!



**You Can WIN**

This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!

**I GAINED  
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY  
POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S  
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-  
ARMED **SISSY** below  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6 1/2 inches** to your **CHEST**  
**3 inches** to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.

**Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME**

**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

1972 *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**  
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.

When I enrolled I was  
a skinny, sick weak-  
ling. As you can see  
in my "Before" Photo I  
looked like a child...  
years younger than my  
age. I was ashamed to  
take a picture in bath-  
ing trunks as I do now.  
I was shy with girls  
because I had nothing  
to show off. A few  
weeks after starting the  
Jowett Course my  
body was the best in  
the neighborhood. Now  
I get respect and ad-  
miration from every  
fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
**ROGER**. Let's  
pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was o 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him **NOW**—  
A **MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN**  
from Head to Toe

**as YOU  
can be  
soon!**

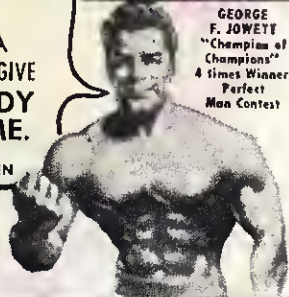
**YES!** You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to  
**YOUR ARMS.** Your **BACK** deepened. Your **BACK AND  
SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American  
HE-MAN, A WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way  
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST BY TEST**, my  
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways  
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like  
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail  
coupon NOW!**

**MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!**

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 **10¢**  
JOWETT  
PACED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOL FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**



**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

Jowett Courses  
presented in  
World's  
Building  
All-around  
HE-MEN  
— R. F. Kelley  
Director  
Physical

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.**

Dear George, Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_





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**NEW! SENSATIONAL!**

### 8 METAL CAR ACTION FLEET

- Windows Go Up and Down
- Windshield wipers move...
- Can move and Bang,
- Bell clangs...
- Taximeter registers...

Introduce the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the line of duty! 1 car with working windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gas that bounces and recoils, 1 ambulance with ringing and whirling bell, 3 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and siren, All 8 cars made of durable steel... rubber wheels cannot come out... bottoms completely undressed... all new low-tone and metallic finish... all differently colored. **SEND NO MONEY** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**PUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

**2.98**  
COMPLETE

### Hi! I'm GINGER!

the Doll whose HAIR you CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

**FREE HAIR WAVE KIT**

**NEW!**

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so E-f-f-e-k-like it can be waved in any style and removed just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

**TERROFIC VALUE!**

**3.98**  
complete

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HE'S OVER 18" TALL! MOVIES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS! REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a [HIT] Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY's mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plastic shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—watch him SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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